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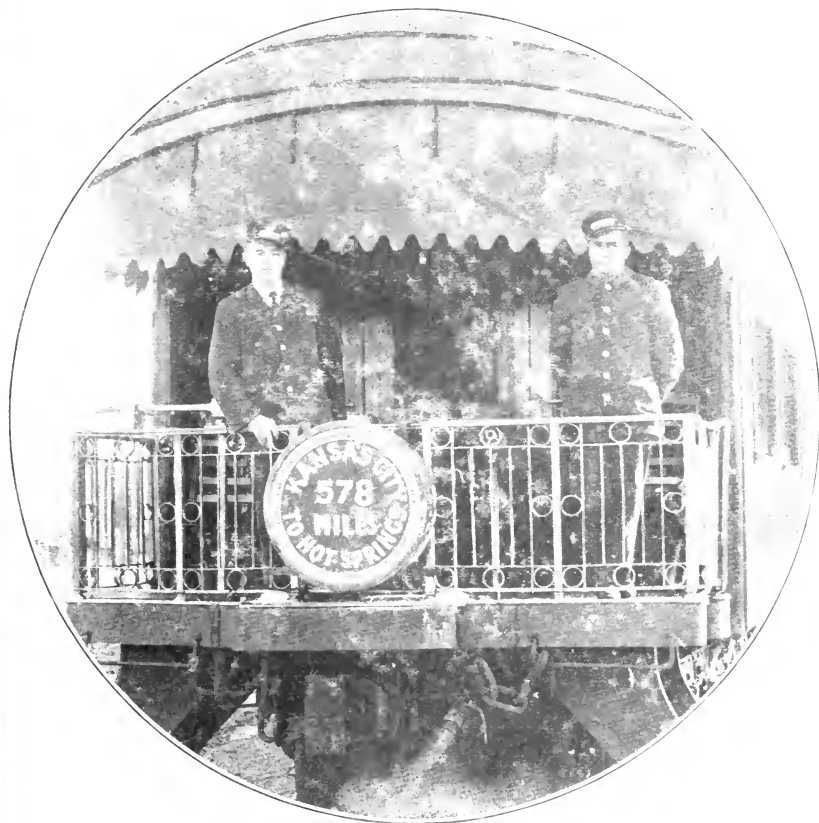
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LYING SPARKS

AS TOLD BY

JOHN W. ...



ADMINISTRATIVE ...

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FLYING SPARKS

AS TOLD BY

A PULLMAN CONDUCTOR

BY

M. E. MUNSELL

KANSAS CITY :
TIERNAN-DART PRINTING COMPANY
1914

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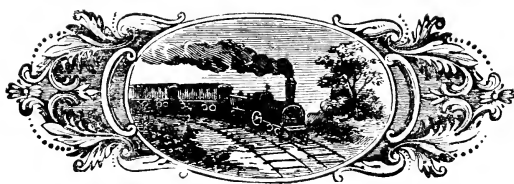
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OCT 23 1914

Dedication

*TO THE "CONDUCTOR'S PRIDE,"
HIS NIECE,*

EILEEN JAMES







THE CONDUCTOR.



"THE NIECE," UNCLE'S PRIDE.

P R E F A C E.

TO THE PUBLIC:

In writing this letter, the history of my trip from Kansas City to Hot Springs through Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, to my niece, it was not my intention to get it before the public. However, so many of my friends wanted a copy that they insisted on my having it published, and those who have read a portion of the manuscript said it was too good not to put before the reading public, as it was so interesting and instructive, as well as historical.

In compiling the facts, I obtained this information first-handed from people who lived in towns along the route. Many of them were of the old frontier school, who had seen and realized the facts in actual life. "Without a love for books, the richest man is poor."

"The world is dead without happiness." The sweetness in this life" is found in the way you live it. If we could all look on the bright side of life, how much happier we would be. A good hearty laugh is a good thing. It aids digestion and makes you feel as though life is

worth living. Therefore, in the caboose end of the book, I have some riddles and funny sayings. A love of poetry is a good trait in man, so I have some comic, as well as sentimental, poems which will please you. One dose of this mixture is guaranteed to cure the worst case of blues. Our family physician always told us it was the last dose of medicine that cured. Therefore, if you will take every dose throughout this book, it will leave a good taste in your mouth. This book is like a ripe watermelon because it is re(a)d all the way through. When opened, you will find the dainty sweetness within. Guaranteed by the author.

M. E. MUNSELL,

Kansas City, Missouri

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S .

DEDICATION.

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Have an Alphabet of Their Own and a Printed Language, Also Indian Newspaper, the Only Indian Paper Ever Printed of Which We Have Any Record.

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Death of Senator Jeff Davis, Jan. 4, 1913. Large Funeral. Two Carloads of Flowers.

Hot Springs as a Cure-All. 46 Springs of Hot and Cold Water. All Come Out of Same Mountain. 611 Bath Tubs in the 45 Bath Houses Here. Last Year There Were 750,000 Baths Given. All Under Control of the Government. 32 U. S. Government Employes From Every State in U. S.

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He who joy would win, must share it;
Happiness was born a twin.

—Byron.

MISS EILEEN JAMES,

Cameron, Mo.

My dear Little Niece:

I promised to give you a description of my trip from Kansas City to Hot Springs, so here goes.

At 6 P.M. I go down to my train No. 119, Line 3296. We have from eight to ten cars, and a 5500-type of engine, one of the best types of passenger engines the Missouri Pacific has. This is the Hot Springs Express, one of the fastest and best trains out of Kansas City for the South, having dining car service with through train to Hot Springs, making sixteen station stops at county-seat towns only, in the 578-mile run.

All aboard! The bell rings, steam escapes, and then we start eastward. We go across under the viaduct down an incline for about eight to ten feet until we come on a level with the Missouri Pacific Yards. We go under the C. B. & Q. Bridge, also the Armour-Burlington, or the old Winner Bridge, then we come to the famous Red Bridge. This is an enclosed bridge, about 100 feet long and painted red. It is on a fork of the Old Santa Fe Trail, where the James Boys were closely pursued by five detectives. It was dark and the desperadoes were in hiding under this bridge when the detectives came in the North End. The desperadoes heard them coming and hustled out from underneath, coming in from the other end. They met the detectives and killed all five of them, and thus made their escape once more. These were supposed to be the original notorious James gang. The old abutments of this bridge are still to be seen. This famous Red Bridge was taken down and sent to the World's Fair at Chicago.

After leaving this place of renown, a short run brings us to Diamond; then comes Dodson, eighteen miles from Kansas City, the winter quarters of the great Lemon Bros.' Circus. We find here every modern con-

venience for the perfect housing and comfort of their domestic and wild animals. They own and operate their own gas well, have electric light plant, etc. At this point we cross the electric railroad which connects Dodson and Kansas City.

The next town on our run is Martin City, Mo., twenty-five miles from Kansas City, and the last town before the State Line is reached. Three miles further on and twenty-eight miles from Kansas City, we cross the State Line and run into Kenneth, Kas., which we pass, with this mention, and pull into Stilwell next. This was the home of Claude Hendricks, leading pitcher of the Pittsburg National League of 1912. He is the son of a banker, and even though raised in this small, quiet town, he was later to be brought before the eyes of the public as a man of national reputation in the baseball world.

Here there is a large settlement of Irish, especially in the country, who have become very wealthy in the tilling of the soil. For seventy-five miles around this town is one of the richest farming countries in Kansas, and they very seldom fail to raise a crop. Land is worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars per acre.

The County Fair "what used to was,"
With pickles on display,
And quilted goods and willow ware,
And hominy and hay.

The massive porker in his pen,
Now makes his owner proud,
While auntie's "Dominicker" hen
Attracts a goodly crowd.

The trotting race in many heats,
Might well excite a clam;
And father takes a prize with beets,
And mother with her jam.

Prize butter, and the biggest squash,
And other things are there.
There is no better fun, b' bosh,
Than going to the Fair.

Stilwell also has its devotees to fresh air, having a resident who expects to live to be 100 years old by the

simple expedient of living out of doors. He has a sleeping room built among the swaying boughs of a sturdy old oak, on his premises and every night he betakes himself there to sleep, where he is rocked gently in the strong arms of this king of the forest.

Bucyrus is the next town of some note from the fact that this is the home of Mr. Hefflebower, who was State Treasurer of the old Populist party of Kansas in 1896. Mr. Hefflebower is a large land owner and the father of six buxom daughters. While still under their parental roof, Cupid was not asleep, neither were Hefflebower's hired men. They seem to have had time enough after their daily toil to make love to these country lasses, as each one of these beautiful girls, as she grew to womanhood, chose her life partner from these men of toil. Each time the home was deprived of a daughter, the father granted her a blessing by giving her a quarter section of land. These homes have all proven to be homes of love and prosperity, and the father still lives to enjoy a ripe old age wherein he sees many of his political theories worked out into practical realities and many descendants keep his memory green. Bucyrus also has a full supply of well attended churches which testify to the general prosperity.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which the seal is set;
She's of life's sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it, dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it! For her sake
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she had passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime;
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—
Tell her so!

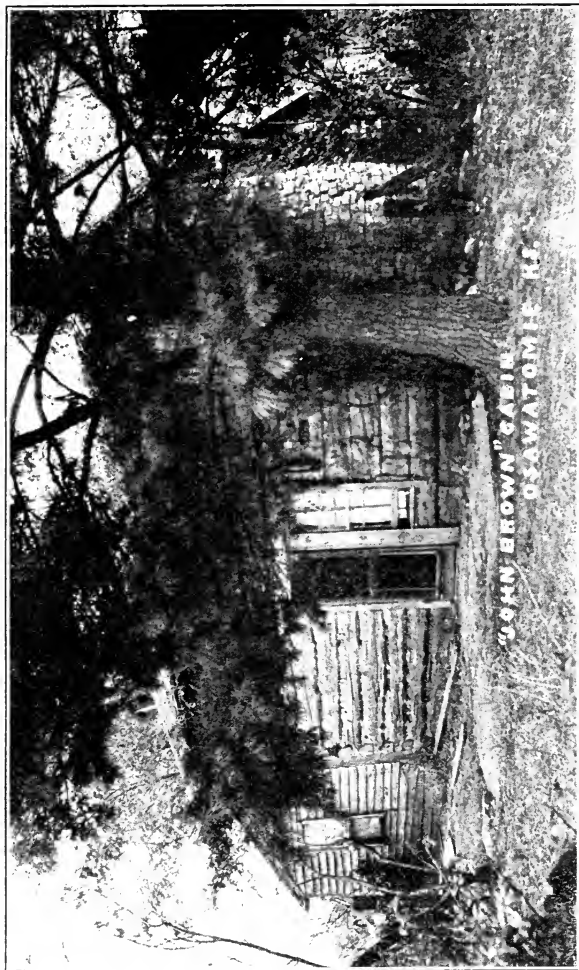
She'll return for each caress,
A hundred fold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers were made to bless—
Tell her so!

You are hers and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

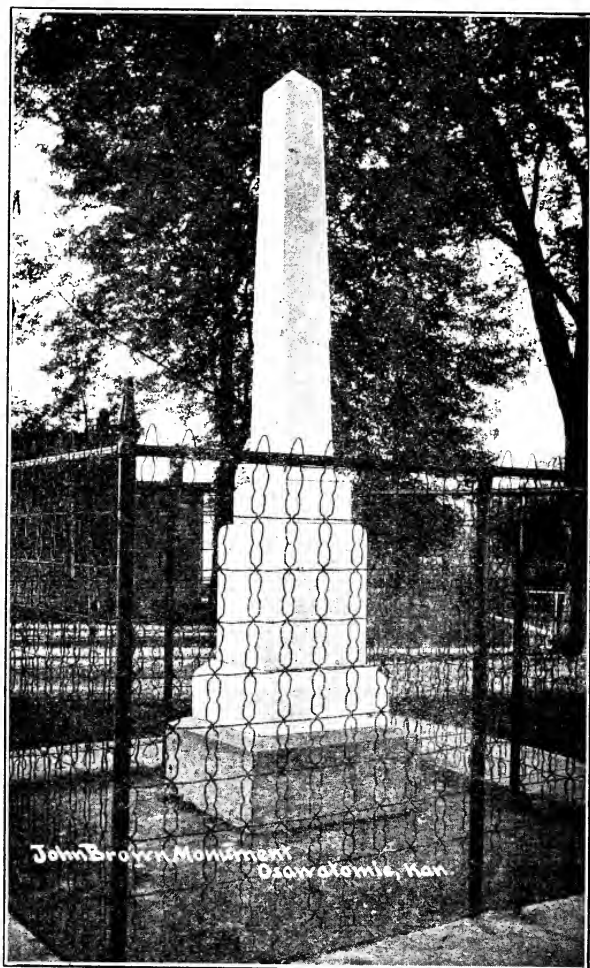
Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold—
Tell her so!

From here we run to Paola, the county seat of Miami County, fifty-four miles from Kansas City. It is a town of 3500 inhabitants, and if I am not wrongly informed, it was the home of Charlie Pullman, brother of George Pullman, of Pullman car fame. This brother preached at this town at one time. This is also the home of the greatest radiator manufacturing plants in the West and employs hundreds of men, running the plant night and day, and shipping their products to all points of the country. Here, also, is the home of the great Patterson Show and the fast driver of trotting horses. Paola has a number of churches, the Methodist being the leading one. The first oil well ever bored in this country is one mile from Paola. This well has been pumping oil for twenty years and is still doing business. A little beyond this town is the highest point in the country, called "John Brown's Lookout," where John Brown came from his home at Osawatomie with his field glasses to look over the situation. From this point one can readily see Osawatomie, the town I am about to describe.

Osawatomie is sixty-one miles from Kansas City and



"JOHN BROWN" CABIN, OSAWATOMIE, KAS.



JOHN BROWN MONUMENT, OSAWATOMIE, KAN.

has a population of about 4,000 people. The log house which John Brown built and lived in is still standing on the J. B. Renfrow farm, one mile from Osawatomie. Referring to history we find that this place is where John Brown fought his battle of August 30th, 1852. He died December 2nd, 1859, before the shots were fired on Fort Sumpter, which opened the war he tried to hasten. In his memory was erected a monument which stands close to the National Park. This park was bought by the daughters of the Union Army and is maintained by the Government. The keeper, Jake Anderson, an old soldier, receives \$50 a month for care-taking. The Stars and Stripes are hoisted every day at sunrise and lowered at sundown, and on the death of any man of national reputation, or old veteran, it waves at half mast.

* * * * *

Again we meet after many years,
Our muskets put away;
In gladness now, instead of tears—
We're one, the Blue and the Gray.

No strife or envy now we find,
'Tis gone in every way,
In Union built to firmly bind
The Blue and the Gray.

In union of heart, soul and mind
All people now must pray,
For this is the burden you will find,
With the Blue and the Gray.

Now, we soldiers, one and all,
We're marching to that day,
When we must answer to the call—
The Blue and the Gray.

And when the bugle gives the sound,
All fear is chased away;
Each one in Christ now is found—
The Blue and the Gray.

Some guardian angel we cannot see
Will waft the soul away
To realms above, forever free—
The Blue and the Gray.

The next town is Lane, named for Jim Lane, one of John Brown's men. Passing this, our engine next whistles for Greeley, supposed to have been named and founded by Horace Greeley, who gave the young men of his generation such good advice when he said, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." Across the railroad track is the Standard Oil pumping plant station. This is fixed up in fine shape, a regular little town in itself having shade trees, gravel walks and about twenty-four houses, all for the men who work there. Two big reservoirs are built on top of the ground, with stone wall linings. The edge of all walls are brick ends, sticking up cornerwise. All trees, brick and stone walls are kept whitewashed. You can readily observe that they take lots of pride in keeping grounds and buildings beautiful. This pumping station pumps 90,000 barrels of oil daily (24 hours) pumping to Neodesha, the Gulf, Chicago, New York City and other refineries. This pumping of the oil through pipes underground is a saving of about 75% over freight.

We arrive at Garnett, Kas., the county seat of Anderson County. This is a town of about 2,000 people and is a very quiet town. Almost any time of the day one can hear the women gossiping over the fence. All real estate values in this county are made by M. L. White, owner of the only set of abstract books in the county.

The next town we drive through is Mt. Ida. The folder shows that Mt. Ida has seventy-five living people, when they are at home. We pass on to Westphalia, where we find a population of 444 more souls than at Mt. Ida. This is the home of the Brookfield Sausage Co. Here they manufacture all the sausage which is used at the eating houses and for the dining car service on the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railroad. This sausage is supposed to be made out of ground hog (2nd of February). This town and vicinity is composed of 80% Germans, and was named for Westphalia, Germany.

A STORY.

Perhaps a little story of the early days of this now

wonderful land may not come amiss, for then, as now, love has been a controlling factor in men's lives.

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets, dances on the green;
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

A merry company of young people had gathered around the fireside in a beautiful home in one of the large Eastern cities. It was one of those pleasant evenings in mid-winter in which spring and autumn seemed to have met, forming a combination as delightful as it is rare. The sun had been shining warmly all day, and the breezes were balmy, though they contained a covert sting, suggesting a "clump of sweet violets on the edge of a snow-drift." The fire glowed brightly within the open grate and all instinctively drew near, although no one could have told why. Certain conditions always presage certain actions, and the mood, too, yields to the magic spell. It always seems around the fireside tongues are loosened, hearts beat joyfully, and the time most auspicious for the unrestrained exchange of confidences.

Suddenly from his position by the chimney side, Harry Anderson exclaimed, "Let's tell our experiences in love and kindred affairs." Loud laughter followed this proposal, for no one ever dreamed the courtship and marriage of Harry and Lilian Norris were other than staid and commonplace, for Harry was reserved even to shyness, and Lilian was not a girl given to romance and sentiment. Lilian smiled and nodded her approval, and this is the story which was told all on one winter's night:

One winter evening several years before, he had attended a social at the church, a basket social, and thereby "hangs a tale." By rare good fortune, Harry secured the basket of Lilian Norris whom he had long worshiped from afar, and together they enjoyed the delicate viands she had prepared. After lunch had been eaten, they joined the others in games and social converse.

Lilian proved such a charming conversationalist Harry concluded he would prolong the evening's pleasure by a homeward stroll in the moonlight, so summoning all his courage, with face wreathed in smiles, he approached the fair Lilian. Graciously he asked, "Miss Norris, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to your home?" As she essayed to reply, loud voices arose just at her elbow, completely drowning her words. Irresolute he stood for a moment, then awaited another opportunity. She was standing alone, and quickly stepping to her side, began, "Miss Norris, I did not understand you. May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

"Lilian, Lilian, come, we want you," immediately came from a dozen throats in unison, and again the answer was lost in the tumult.

"Well that does beat the Jews," he ejaculated, turning away and seeking to hide his chagrin in watching some youngsters scrambling for an orange.

By this time his Scotch stubbornness was thoroughly aroused, and he determined not to be downed by such a mere caprice of Fate. Consequently, he waited until the company began to disperse, once more gained her side, saying to himself, "I'll assist her in putting on her wraps and then, if she stands expectantly, I'll take it she expects me to walk home with her."

Putting his thought into action, he possessed himself of her jacket, saying as he did so, "Permit me, Miss Norris, to assist you." She smiled her thanks and the thought flashed into his mind to repeat the ill-starred question, so with a light jest he repeated it, when to his extreme disgust and dire dismay, a chattering group bore down upon them, and once more the answer was lost in the babble of voices.

What should he do? Retreat? Never, so with a non-chalance he was far from feeling, he passed out with Miss Norris, inwardly vowing vengeance on the world in general. All too soon they came in sight of her home, and as they ascended the hill, he muttered to himself, "Now or never," and said, "Miss Norris, I really would like to know what you said when I asked to accompany you

home." But a terrible Nemesis was on his track. A yell from behind filled the air with discordant sounds, and the coveted answer was lost in the confusion, as Lilian's little brother Tommy, dashed quickly around the house. "It is fate," murmured Harry, then raising his hat courteously, bade Miss Norris good night.

* * * * *

A few years have passed and the scene has changed. Out on the wind-swept prairies of Kansas where the long summer twilight falls noiselessly and waveringly, wrapping the distant sun-drenched hills in purpling shadows, came a young girl, in the days when the civilization was new, in the land, sunflower gemmed and corn walled. A brown-haired, blue-eyed girl was she, slight of form, lissom and buoyant with the abounding health of this country, the very air of which would set the nerves tingling and the eyes sparkling like a glass of old wine from the far-famed vintage along the Rhine.

Fate had not been kind to the Norris family and Lilian and her brother Tom had come out here where a new country was yet in the making to try to carve out for themselves the way to success. It had taken her many months to become accustomed to this land of great distances, where one's nearest neighbor was miles away behind the green fringed hills which skirted the banks of the winding river, now lying like a ribbon of silver across the golden, billowy plains, but, gradually, as the months slipped away, she came to love these limitless expanses, and to watch eagerly the miracle in Nature which transformed her beloved prairies from dull brown monotony into living, pulsing, throbbing fields of green, or covered them with a mantle of white, more beautiful than the most costly ermine.

One day she was alone and sitting on the little porch, vine clad and flower wreathed, for she had worked out here in her cabin home many of the things which always made memory of her childhood days live with peculiar sweetness, when far across the rolling prairies an object came to view. She watched it intently; as it came nearer, she could see it was a man on horseback. Her heart beat

a little more rapidly for she realized she was all alone, and the man was evidently a stranger.

As the rider came closer, she arose and awaited his coming, standing with careless grace, a perfect type of a free hearted, whole souled Western girl, though such she was only by adoption. There was something strangely familiar as he came nearer, and when she heard his voice she was startled greatly.

"And so, Miss Lilian, after so long a time, and by ways devious and troubled, I have at last ferreted out your hiding place." As Lilian held out her hand in greeting, Harry continued (for already you have recognized him), "Surely you never imagined your many friends in old Pennsylvania would so readily give you up." Lilian's face grew very serious for a moment, then she laughed gaily and bade him have a seat, so evading an answer.

The shadows began to lengthen and Lilian showed him where the barn was, telling him to put up his horse, while she busied herself getting supper, explaining, as she turned a roguish face toward Harry, that men were all alike, and the way to keep them in a good humor was to have plenty to eat and ready on time.

Harry, Tom and Lilian spent a very pleasant evening as they recalled the days among the dear old hills in their Eastern home, and watching the moonlight bathe in a flood of silvery light the far-reaching prairies, or as it filtered through the interlaced branches of the cottonwood trees and made quaint and curious mosaics on the velvety grass at their feet.

Suddenly Harry remembered the ill-fated question, and the old desire to know what the answer had been swept over him. "Lilian, do you remember the social at the church and I took you home, the first time I ever went with you?" "Indeed I do, for it was certainly one of merry making." "There is one thing over which I have often cudged my brains since that eventful night, and I want you to help me get it straightened out. What did you say when I asked, if I might accompany you home."

Peal after peal of laughter rang out on the evening air as to Lilian came again the memory of that incident.

“Well, Harry, if it will set your mind at rest and give you peace, I will tell you. My answer was ‘yes,’ spoken in a wee little voice, for to me that was a very solemn moment.”

At Tom’s urgent invitation, cordially seconded by Lilian, Harry remained over a week, enjoying immensely his first visit to this wonderful land of the new West. As they sat together the last evening, watching the stars come out “one by one in the infinite meadows of Heaven,” Harry asked another question and this time no disturbing element interfered and he caught the tremulous, low spoken word, “yes” the first time.

“But, Harry,” said Lilian as later they were telling Tom all about it, “I don’t believe I would ever be satisfied anywhere away from these rolling prairies and their vigorous, life-giving draughts.” “You need not leave them, girlie, for I, too, have caught a vision, and am eager to make it real out here where I first found my great happiness.”

“All is well that ends well,” and from such a union of hearts and hands has come this great civilization and the mighty kingdom of the new West with its unlimited resources and unending opportunities.

At Leroy we take coal and water. Yates Center is our next station, county seat of Woodson County. It is the geographical center of the county, being selected as the site for the county seat when there were no houses within a mile of the present town site. It was founded by Abner Yates, a brother of Dick Yates, the War Governor of Illinois, and an uncle of the late Governor Yates of the same state. It is probably the greatest shipping point for prairie hay in the United States. From all parts of the United States orders come in here for hay, and they ship out from three to four thousand carloads of hay annually, some of it going to foreign countries. This is also the junction point, running from here to Wichita and west to Denver.

Next comes Buffalo—not Buffalo, New York, but Buffalo, Kansas. It is a small town; boasts of having 765 people, as well as having the largest individual brick-pav-

ing plant west of Chicago, also the largest oil refinery in the world. Mr. Fowler, one of the owners of the brick-paving plant, has a large collection of ancient fire arms and implements of war, said to be the largest collection in the United States. He has several large rooms where walls and ceilings are covered with them. This collection is valued at \$12,000. Some of these relics are hundreds of years old, being undated, but the inscription leads us to believe that they are of the remote past. Some are marked "G. R.," which means King George's reign, and some are marked "V. R.," which means Victoria's reign. He possesses one ancient Japanese revolver which, judging from its character, must be over 400 years old. Buffalo is also the home of J. K. Blair, the ex-big cattle shipper of Iowa.

Benedict, no relation, however, to Benedict Arnold, is the next town and is a town of 700 people, when there is no circus at Yates Center. There are reported to be more rich farmers living here than any other town of the same size in the state.

Gilford is the next town on the map, and we run right through it and never say a word. It is one of the oldest towns in the state where they first struck gas.

We find Altoona to be our next stop. It is a place of 1435 people, including both white and black. Here we find the largest glass fruit jar factory in the West.

Buffville is a town, not only in name, but in color, as all of the buildings are buff, the town is buff, the depot is buff, and it is the home of a buff brick plant, the largest face brick plant in Kansas.

Now we come to Neodesha which has 3500 people. It is the home of one of the greatest refineries in the West, being a great shipping point for all by-products of this great oil refinery, hundreds of cars being loaded each day with fuel oil and other products. It is wonderful to know the great amount of crude oil that these plants use daily. You can get some idea of the wonderful capacity of this plant when they use over 60,000 barrels of crude petroleum oil per day, which is worked up in by-products of floor wax, paraffin, and all kinds of oil, gasoline, coal

oil, etc. They are doubling the capacity of the plant. There is at this time on top of the ground in storage 45,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum. There has been as high as 60,000,000 barrels. Most of the time they utilize about all of the oil which is produced. This oil is kept in great steel tanks which costs from ten to twelve thousand dollars each, and it is estimated that there are 1200 of these tanks in Oklahoma and Kansas which hold from 35,000 to 40,000 barrels each. It was a revelation to me to learn how they bore and shoot these wells, and I will try to give you a short description of it.

In starting, they drill a 16-inch hole 30 feet deep, putting in a steel casing as far down as bored; then a 14-inch hole for 400 feet, following up with a casing of this size; a 12-inch hole 700 feet and a 10-inch hole for 1700 feet, and an 8-inch hole 1000 feet with a 6½-inch hole the balance of the way to the cap rock. The different size holes necessitate several different sizes of drill bits. This is the average deep well. The cap rock spoken of is well known to all drillers. After the well is cased to the cap rock it keeps out the salt, or surface water, thereby keeping the well perfectly dry. After going through the cap rock, which is sometimes from ten to twenty feet thick, they strike what they call the oil sand, but it is in reality a porous, spongy-like rock. They drill through this to the bottom rock which is from 50 to 300 feet in thickness, varying in different fields.

The next process is to shoot the well with nitro-glycerine. This requires from 50 to 300 quarts at a cost of \$1.00 per quart. The first thing they do is to fill up the 6½-inch hole at the bottom with sand up to as far as they want to make the shot; then they put down into the well the amount of nitro-glycerine that is required for this depth sand rock, and fill this up with 500 feet of water on top of the nitro-glycerine. This is called "tamping." Afterwards a tin tube is taken with about twenty pounds of sand in the bottom to weight it down so it will sink; then they put about two pounds of dynamite with a dynamite cap and fuse; then on top of this dynamite, they pour about eight quarts of nitro-glycerine, after which they cut

a time fuse, knowing just the time it takes for this fuse to burn to the cap rock before it strikes the nitro-glycerine. As soon as this fuse is lighted, the cartridge is dropped from the top of the well, everybody getting as far away as possible. The sound is like a great rumbling thunder and throws out a great amount of rubbish from the top. It has been known to throw out all casings, and this falling on the ground makes a great report and is very dangerous, as well as expensive, for it allows the salt and surface water to run in and it is a great expense to clean and recase the well, as most of the first casing is unfit to use. It is very seldom they shoot a well the second time with any good results. This shooting is supposed to make a cavity down at the bottom, which holds a vast number of barrels of oil. This is only supposition, as nobody has ever been down in the depths to see. This, in short, is the way a deep oil well is bored and shot from start to finish.

Near this town, the notorious Bender family kept a road house where people stopped over night. Many and strange were the rumors of mysterious disappearances, such as: "A man and his boy were going that way and were supposed to stop there and were never heard of afterward." At another time, about 1869, H. H. Seymour, his wife and a boy, six years old, left Kansas City in a wagon, with a fine Wisconsin team and outfit, intending to visit Mr. Seymour's brother, Edwin Seymour. They came past the Bender home and stopped and a man came out on the porch. Mr. Seymour asked him how far it was to Edwin Seymour's and Bender replied it was about fourteen miles. This was just at sundown. Just at this time Kate Bender came out on the porch, and Mrs. Seymour nudged her husband and said, "Homer, I don't like the looks of that woman. Don't let us stop here; let us go on, so they drove on about a mile and met a man in the road and asked him how far it was to Edwin Seymour's. He said, "About two miles," so they continued their journey to his place. The boy, now an old man, says he is fully convinced they would have met the same fate as many other poor unfortunate

travelers, had not his mother prevailed on his father to drive on.

Their method was to seat their intended victim at the table behind which was a curtain, separating that room from the one adjoining, and while engaged in eating, a blow from behind was struck on the head of the traveler, and his body dropped through a trap door down into the cellar below. It is said, after the departure of the Bender family, the garden was dug up and countless human bones were found buried. The horses and wagons, and other plunder taken from the victims, were taken to other towns and sold. Little is known of the circumstances connected with the migration of the family, but the neighbors banded together and went to their home. Nothing was ever told as to what happened, but the Benders soon after disappeared, and nothing definite is known of what really became of them.

Just pulling into Independence, Kas., which is a fine town of 14,000 inhabitants. This is surely a fine town; it is the county seat of Montgomery County, well churched, and has a court house, costing \$75,000. Inter-urban line under construction to Coffeyville, Parsons, Neodesha, headed towards Topeka. Twenty-one miles paved streets, four banks, business college and manual training school.

Deering is a town of 1,050 people, but has great room for improvement. I do not know what kind of a deer this is, as on the top of the depot it is spelled "Deering," and on the hotel and drug store it is "Dearing." Years ago there were lots of wild deer in this county, and they say there are a good many dears there now. One of the largest smelters in the United States is located there.

Every community has a well-known character whose peculiar sayings and by-words, and whose doings furnish a never-ending source of amusement. Uncle Daniel Gibson was just such a neighborhood oddity, and people never tired of hearing him relate his experiences, nor failed to enjoy a hearty laugh at his expense over his queer expressions and back-woods philosophy. He, it was, who, upon his going to bed, carefully removed the little oval

corn plaster his sister-in-law had persuaded him to wear to relieve a sore corn. Next morning when she asked him how his toe was, he said, "That sure did help me fine; I took it off and am going to put it on again today." When she explained it could only be used once and was supposed to be left on until one wished to remove it for good, he exclaimed, "Dad slap it, I never knowed that was the way them air things worked."

But the story of his wooing was the cap sheaf, so, accordingly, every newcomer was coached by someone in the neighborhood so as to get Uncle Dan to relate it.

"Wall, now," he would say, with his round face beaming like the full moon, and his eyes twinkling like the little stars of which we children used to recite, "Wall, now, I reckon as how I am married all right, and it happened about this a way."

"Me and Elmary had been setting to quite a spell, and I allers 'lowed some day we'd hitch up. I kep' on hangin' 'round pretty occashunly, and one day her maw, she kind o' lay for me, and when she got a chance, sez: 'Dan, I reckon as how you been comin' 'round here pretty stiddy for a long time, and I notices Elmary isn't as peart as she used to was, so I wants to ax you a question. Do you love my gal or not? If yer don't, yer hadn't orter tell her so.'

"Wall, dad blast it, there I was cornered, all right, so I tells her Maw she's caught me with the goods, and off I goes to find Elmary. Now Elmary was allers sort o' shy, and some way she seemed to mistrust somethin' was goin' to happen, and, by Galey, if she wasn't as offish and skittish as a two-year old, and I was beginnin' to think I would have to foller her clear around the place before I could corral her when, kind o' sudden like, she switched around, and I was goin' full tilt and couldn't pull up short, and down we came, and there we sot facin' each other, looking like a pair o' sick kittens.

"I made an ondignified attemp' to get up, and finally made it to my feet and awkwardly helped her up. She didn't jest know whether to laugh or cry, but I spied a sickly grin come over her face, and I seed my chance,

so I blurted right out before I could stop to think, 'cause my backbone was feelin' somethin' like twine string by this time: 'Elmary, don't you think we'uns been drivin' single long enough; what yer say to our gettin' hitched?'

"She was as meek as a lamb, and said a twistin' of her apron, 'I'm willin', Daniel, if yer wants me.' So comin' meetin' day we had the parson tie us up, and, by han, she's stood hitched ever since."

Love is a language, universal, spoken by all people in all lands, and one of the things the good book says is past finding out, "the way of a man with a maid."

We are coming into the town of Coffeyville, the end of the division, 197 miles from Kansas City. Here we change engines and train crew.

The train conductors on these runs from Kansas City to Hot Springs are surely a pleasant lot of men, and among the crew, as a whole, are a large number of Christian men. They are very pleasant with their passengers, and everybody with whom they come in contact. When it comes to auditors, we have a fine bunch, who are very pleasant. They will even give you a smile without your asking for it. Coffeyville is a town of 17,000 inhabitants. They have one of the railroad Y. M. C. A. buildings here in which Mrs. Helen Gould Sheppard has interested herself so generously. It is a three-story building and is a credit to the town. Coffeyville has an interurban car line, running to Cherryvale, Parsons and other points. It has about seventy-five miles of paved streets and its manufacturing output amounts to about four and one-half million dollars yearly. It has some very fine churches. The Baptists have a very fine new building, also the Presbyterians, and the Methodists; the Christian Church will build a fine new church soon. Coffeyville was the home of the notorious Dalton Gang. The robbing of a bank by them is well known. Two of the brothers were killed and two of the gang met the same fate, the only one left, Emmett, receiving a sentence of life imprisonment, but was paroled during Gov. Hoch's administration.

After leaving Coffeyville, we leave the State of Kansas behind us, crossing the State line into Oklahoma. Lehunt, the first station just north of this, has the largest cement factory in the world. Lenapeh, an Indian name, meaning strong man, is next.

Nowata is a town of about 6,000 people, and is surely an up-to-date live oil and gas town. The name is from the Indian which means "White man welcome to our territory." Nowata County has 20,000 oil producing wells, 86% of all wells brought in in this county being wet, or oil producing wells, and they are bringing in an average of twenty-five wet wells per week—1914. A new well sometimes produces \$1,800 per day at the present price of oil, \$1.08 per barrel. These great producing wells at the start always run down soon to from 500 to 800 barrels per day. There are men whose income from oil and gas wells is from \$1800 to \$2500 per day, over \$912,000 per year. We don't hear of those who have probably lost their all.

This oil and gas proposition, they say, is a very exciting life. Sometimes they are up all night, examining the rock and drillings that come out, as the drilling never stops, work day and night. It is very dangerous shooting wells. There are men who do nothing but this dangerous work. Nitro-glycerine is the quickest and most dangerous explosive there is. They haul it in wagons, made purposely for this work. They are painted black and white and labeled "dangerous," so people can see them coming one half mile away, and they know what they are and generally get out of the way as far as they can, taking another road, if possible; they carry 380 to 500 quarts. The explosive is kept in wooden buildings with no floors. They have to keep the temperature at an even heat as too cold or too hot is dangerous and may send it all up in smoke and ashes. There was a man just coming into his house one day with wagon, team and empty cans (you understand these nitro-glycerine buildings are away out on the prairies far from any house) when there was heard a terrible explosion. The largest thing found of two men, horses, wagon, harness and buildings was a piece of tin about the size of a man's hat. When this stuff goes

off, it burns in the air everything burnable, and nothing is left but ashes. Men will work at this as they get big pay, and then get careless and up they go in smoke and ashes. These well shooters only hold their jobs, on an average, about six to eight years, get careless and leave for parts unknown.

Wetova is another town with an Indian name, then Tal-lala, meaning "red head;" Oolagah, also named by the Indians. Three miles north of the last-named place is where the would-be famous Green brothers were annihilated. The four were killed within twenty feet of the Iron Mountain track, just under the railroad bridge. The gang was taken by surprise. Neighbors with the officers did the work. Conductor Bob Whaley, a son of the noted sheriff of Vernon, Missouri, was a member of the party which helped to exterminate the gang.

Claremore is the next town on the map, 225 miles from Kansas City. Claremore is an Indian name, and is called after Chief Claremore, of the Cherokee tribe and means "Big Chief." It is an up-to-date town of about 4,000 people, and one of the best electric lighted towns on the route. South of this town a few miles is Claremore Mountain, or mound, which is a mound, or hill, with about ten acres on the top. Here the Osage and Cherokee tribes fought the greatest Indian battle ever fought. There were 3,000 Osages killed while charging up the hill. This made the Osages the richest tribe in the world. Chief Claremore was killed and buried here. His grave is in plain view from the railroad.

The Cherokees are the only Indians who have an original alphabet for their language. The Creeks and Choc-taws use the English characters, but the Cherokees have an alphabet of their own, invented by a Cherokee who could not speak a word of English. His name was Sequoyah. He was the Cadmus of his race. He had none of the lights of science or civilization to guide him, but conceiving the idea of enabling the Indian to talk on paper, as he one day saw an agent of the United States doing, he shut himself in his cabin for one year, and endured, like many reformers and inventors the jibes and jeers of



GOPHERWOOD TREE,

The only one of its kind in the world, outside of the Holy Land.

the ignorant and thoughtless who pronounced him crazy, until he came forth with a perfect alphabet, and established his claim to be ranked among the first inventive minds of the century of wonderful inventions. This alphabet was invented in 1822 and consists of seventy-eight characters and, strange to say, is most easily learned by children. The Cherokee Indians printed a newspaper, of which a cut is herewith shown, the only one ever printed in the Indian language.

A few miles south of this place is a tree standing in the middle of the road. The Government has placed its stamp on it. It is a gopher wood tree, the only one of its kind in the United States and in the world outside of the Holy Land. This is the tree of which God told Noah to build the Ark. It never rots. Genesis 6th Chapter, 14th, 15th and 16th verses.

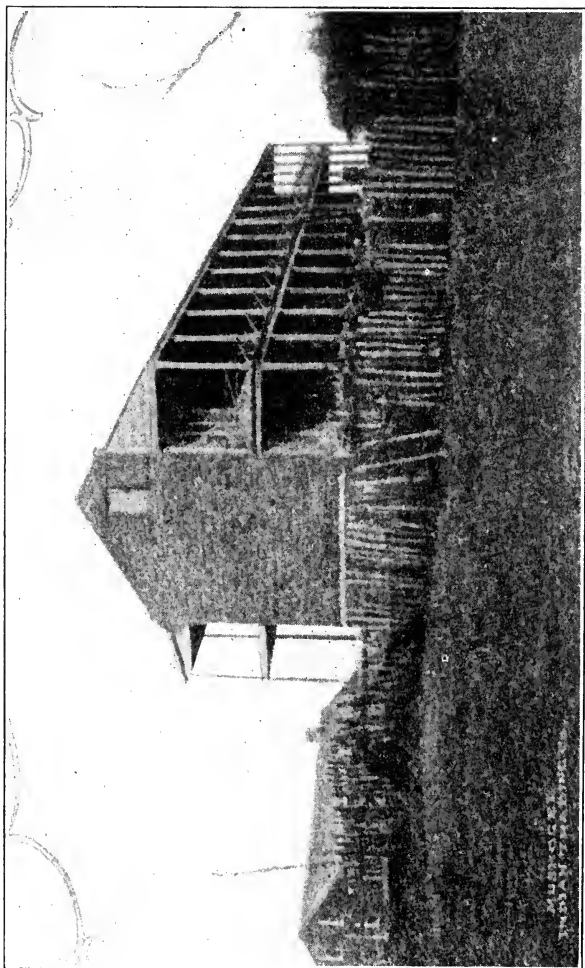
14th. "Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

15th. "And this is how thou shalt make it; the length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it 50 cubits and the height of it 30 cubits.

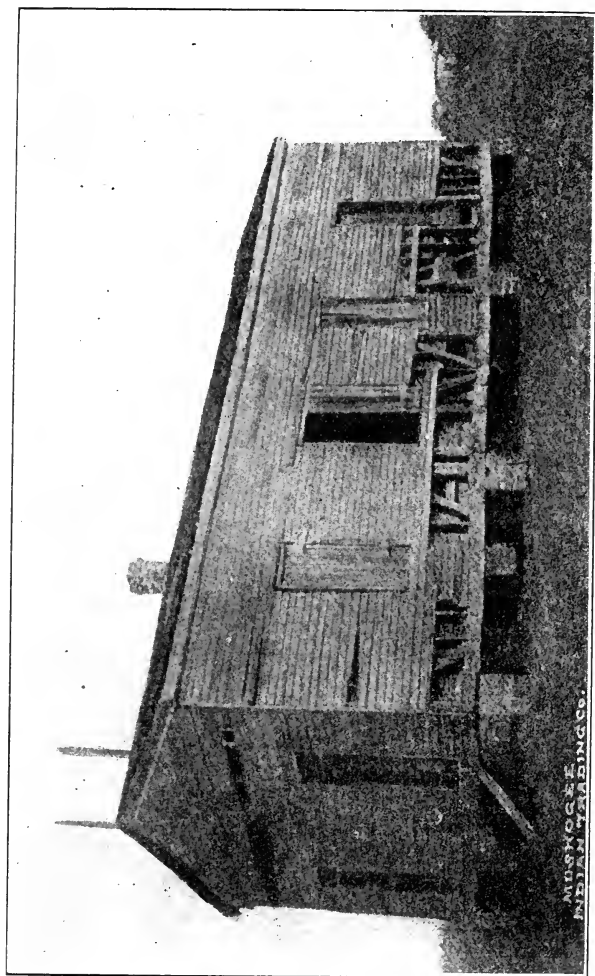
16th. "A light shalt thou make to the ark, and to a cubit shalt thou finish it upward, and the door shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second and third stories shalt thou make it."

Now we are coming into Wagoner, a town of 5,000 people, being 278 miles from Kansas City. From this place you can see the old rock Indian Trail. The great piles of rock stand like pyramids, 15 to 20 feet high. These were built in the early days by the Indians. They were started in the south, running from Fort Smith through the Indian Territory. The last one standing is north of Greeley, Kas., about seventy miles from Kansas City.

We now reach Fort Gibson, which is quite a historical town, the oldest town in Oklahoma and one of the oldest forts in the United States and having been the home at different times of many famous people. The old stone fort still stands, also the stone house where General Grant



THE BARRACKS BUILDING AT FT. GIBSON, OKLA., ESTABLISHED MAY, 1818.

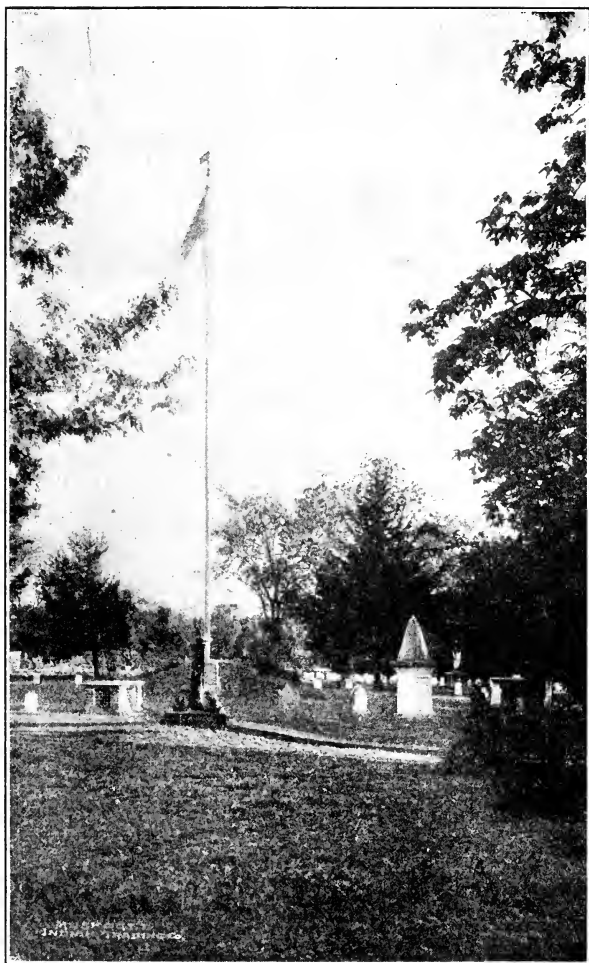


WHERE HENRY M. STANLEY, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER,
TAUGHT SCHOOL.

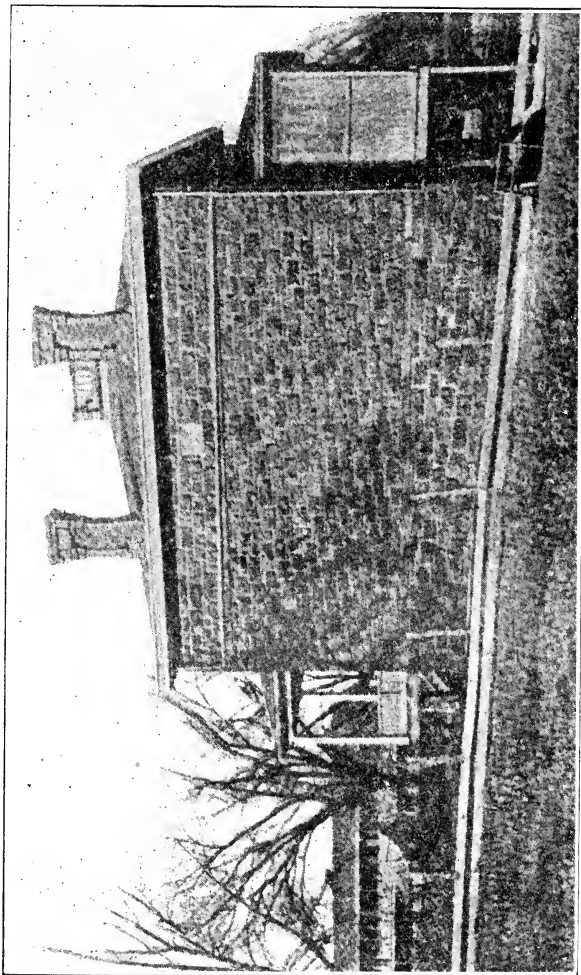
lived when he commanded the fort. At one time General Miles was stationed here; General Custer once commanded the fort, General Jackson was here at one time, and David Crockett also for a short time. James G. Blaine once lay sick here at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Stores. The town was also the home of Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, who lived here and taught school, and it was here he made the acquaintance of David Livingstone. Admiral Dewey's wife also lived here for a short time. Also Washington Irving and Gen. Robert E. Lee and Jeff Davis.

Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States, at one time commanded this fort, and here was enacted one of the sweetest and prettiest little romances of the anti-bellum days. His daughter, Susanna, fell in love with the gallant young Union officer, Jefferson Davis, who afterwards became President of the Confederacy. They tell me, in those early days in Oklahoma, the young people fell in love the same as now, so Susanna fell—so did Jeff. There was strong parental objection, however, to the suit of the young officer for the hand of the beautiful Susanna, so much so that the lovers were compelled to steal out under the starlit skies to their trysting place. There is an old saying, "Two is company, three a crowd," but when Cupid is the third party, it is all right. This seemed to be the case in this instance and Cupid made an ideal chaperon.

Everything progressed in this love affair without the knowledge of the parents, and one night under the friendly shelter of dark clouds, Jeff started in quest of his lady love, coming down the river in a boat to where his Susanna lived. Mounting a ladder to the second story window, his true love was awaiting him with outstretched arms, but they met with an unforeseen difficulty in the shape of the fair lady's old-fashioned hoop skirt of the kind known as "tilters," so wide they would not go through the window. The old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," was once more exemplified by the undaunted Susanna calmly and promptly removing the balloon-like adornment, which she replaced upon reaching the ground, for what fair maiden in those halcyon days



NATIONAL CEMETERY, FORT GIBSON, OKLA.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FT. GIBSON, OKLA., ERECTED 1867.
Many noted people have lived here—J. G. Blaine, Mrs. Geo. Dewey and others.

of the long ago would appear in public, shorn of this feminine necessity?

As they made their way across the parade ground, flitting from the shadow of one tree, or shrub, to the next, a guard halted them, saying, "Halt, who goes there?" Jeff replied, "Jeff Davis, an officer," and gave the countersign. The guard said, "All's well, does the lady have a passport?" Jeff said, "The lady is a friend of the officer, let us pass." They then made their way out of the ground to the boat. The next morning when Zachary came down to the breakfast table, he had about finished his meal when he said, "Mother, where is Susanna," whereupon the mother replied, with tear dimmed eyes, "Father, here is a note the maid found in her room." It read, "I love you, father and mother, most dearly. I thank you for what you have done for me. If my leaving has caused you any sorrow, I am very sorry. I love my home, but I love my Jeff best. Goodbye. Susanna." Zach sat at the table with bowed head, but only for a few grieved seconds, then, crumpling the note, started for the fort and immediately issued the orders to catch Jeff and hang him, but it has been an unwritten law for years in Oklahoma never to hang a man until you catch him, so Jeff was never hanged.

At this place, too, we find the old cemetery where 3,000 soldiers lie buried. The attendants of these grounds raise the Stars and Stripes every morning at sunrise, and all day long the bright folds of the grandest flag the sun ever shone upon, flutter out on the soft Oklahoma breezes, keeping guard, as it were, over the little city of the dead, gathered here in defense of the flag, from all portions of the country; and the caretakers move softly in and out, keeping the long rows of headstones bright, the grass trimmed and the flowers beautiful, and the sacred quiet is now broken only by the songs of birds and the lowered voices of passing tourists who stop to make a pilgrimage to the graves of the Nation's dead.

Fort Gibson was also the home of Cherokee Bill, the most notorious outlaw this country ever knew. He took his last ride on a railroad train sixteen years ago in the

caboose of Conductor Wilbey Marshall, who runs from Coffeyville to Van Buren at the present time. Cherokee Bill was taken from Fort Gibson to Fort Smith and lodged in jail, and was hung there with eight other outlaws. He was just twenty years old at the time of his death.

Bragg was our next town—not much to brag about, a very tough town ten years ago, but has now settled down into an inconspicuous respectability.

The cow punchers who used to chase
The steer across the range;
Have scattered now to many a place,
And foller callin's strange.
Tex Jones now runs a dry goods store,
And Pecos Smith a bank;
A sailor on some distant shore
Is our pal, Lefty Hank.
Missoo is selling autos now,
And Antelope tends bar;
And I alone still punch the cow
While gleams the evening star;
But one we never speak of, lest
We shed a bitter tear,
Three-fingered Jones his life has messed—
He is a pulpитеer.

—Arthur Chapman.

Bluff is our next stop, and there is sure no bluff about it; it is one of the most picturesque towns on the run. At the foot of the track are great mountains of rocks hundreds of feet high. The river is on the opposite side, so the country is a great sight to behold. A panther was killed here on January, 15, 1913. You have plenty of wild game here, mostly turkey, deer, and small game.

Gore is our next town. Oscar Taylor, a cousin of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, lives here at the present time. A nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte came over from France and married an Indian girl here. After becoming rich, he deserted her. His descendants are called the Seht Brides. This town was originally called Campbell, but afterward changed to Illinois, and finally the railroad company named it after the blind senator whom everybody loves and there has been Gore down there ever since.

Vian, another town on our way, was a very tough place in the early days of the territory. At that time Indians and refugees from a great many states lived here. It has a population of 1200. In the early days the popular amusement was fighting. Then powder and lead were expensive, so it was necessary to make everything count. Whenever there was a shot fired, you could guess there was somebody hurt. One day there were five shots fired, killing four men and wounding another.

Sallisaw, meaning "Sweet Water," is having a fine new depot built. Running through here, we find Big and Little Sallisaw Creek. This is a great place for fishing. Oklahoma is surely the fisherman's Paradise, as it has numerous streams, creeks, they call them, but in reality rivers, being from 50 to 150 feet wide, all well stocked with fish. At low water tide under the bridge at Sallisaw the water is ten feet deep. Looking down, one can see schools of from fifteen to twenty fish, running from 10 to 14 inches in length. It is a great sight for fishermen, and surely would have delighted the heart of Izaak Walton himself, could he have stood on the banks of these limpid streams and have seen these schools of speckled beauties, disporting themselves in the crystal waters of these Oklahoma streams. The beauty and fragrance of the floral valley on a still balmy night, with the ozone laden breezes, wafting sweet odors from these gardens of beauty, make a person feel as though he wanted to live a thousand years, if he could only tarry in a country so beautiful and well blessed.

STORY.

Out behind the low, old rambling farm house, was grandmother's garden, to my childish mind the prettiest spot in all my little world.

An unpainted picket fence, gray from the storms and shine of passing years, separated this charmed spot from the great, grassy yard, surrounding the house.

What a sweet, old garden it was! Long rows of old-fashioned clove pinks skirted the orderly beds, and made

the air fragrant with their spicy odor. Bluebells and larkspurs nodded gaily to each other, and hollyhocks lifted their heads above the palings, while in the corners cinnamon roses pushed beyond the confines of the garden and flaunted their pink sprays in our faces as if challenging our ruthless hands to pluck them from their place.

Down at the farther end were gooseberry and currant bushes, always a temptation for childish fingers when loaded with juicy fruit. In the middle were the vegetables, cabbages, onions, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes and the endless array of greens, usually found in a truck patch, following each other consecutively.

But the pride of grandmother's heart was her herb corner, and such a place it was, too! Sweet basil, marjoram, hyssop, catnip, pennyroyal, peppermint, summer savory, parsley, lavender and sage, with here and there a bunch of sweet rue. There was no ill to which flesh is heir, but the dear old woman believed could be cured by a concoction of steeped herbs, and, someway, we children came to share in that belief in those days of early childhood. How spicy the old garret was, with its rows on rows of dried herbs stored away against the long winter days, for winter came early among the Pennsylvanian hills.

Those days, so far away, came back to me with a flood of tender memories. A careless remark by a thoughtless girl seemed to thrust aside the curtain of the years and I was a child again. It was in a cafe where two girls sat sipping tea. One of them was speaking of her vacation in her old home and laughingly said, "I'll get a bowl of sage tea, then." Her companion merrily replied, "Oh, I can make you a cup now." The dancing brown eyes of the girl grew soft and serious as she answered, "No, I'd rather have it back in Indiana," then, adding as an after-thought, "I guess it's the petting more than the tea, I want."

Ah, yes, a touch of a mother hand, the kindly anxious inquiry, and the little half-shy caresses, which always seem to go with a "cup of sage tea," we miss. It has

been so long since I had thought of it that way. I have been homesick and heartsick so many times, but I did not dream it was for the old-fashioned things I was yearning. I know now it was, and that it was "my bowl of sage tea" I was missing.

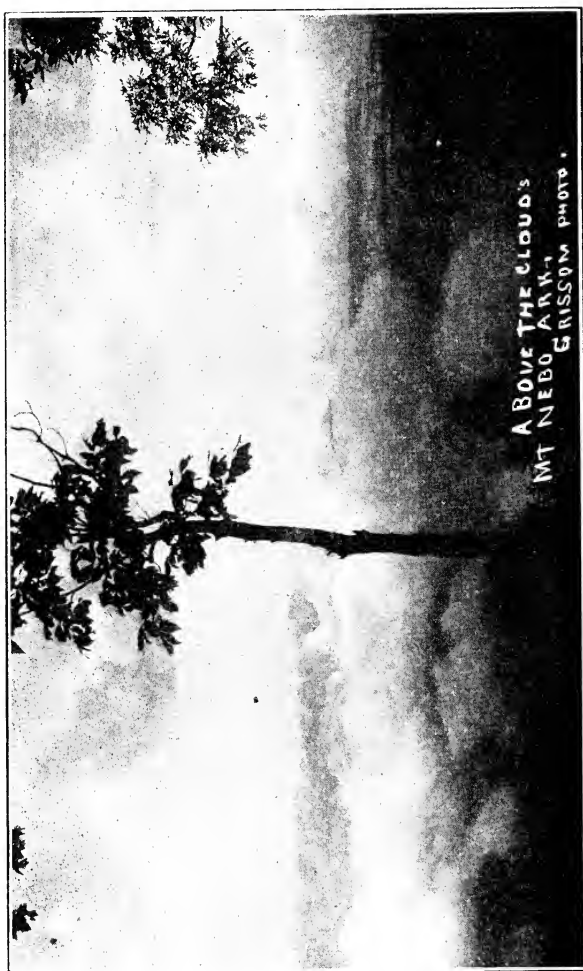
It seems to me our lives have been just like that garden. There have been fragrance and beauty, and stern realities, and here and there the bitter rue. Perhaps it is true—

"A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll never know what grew,
A spray of fragrant roses,
Or a bunch of bitter rue."

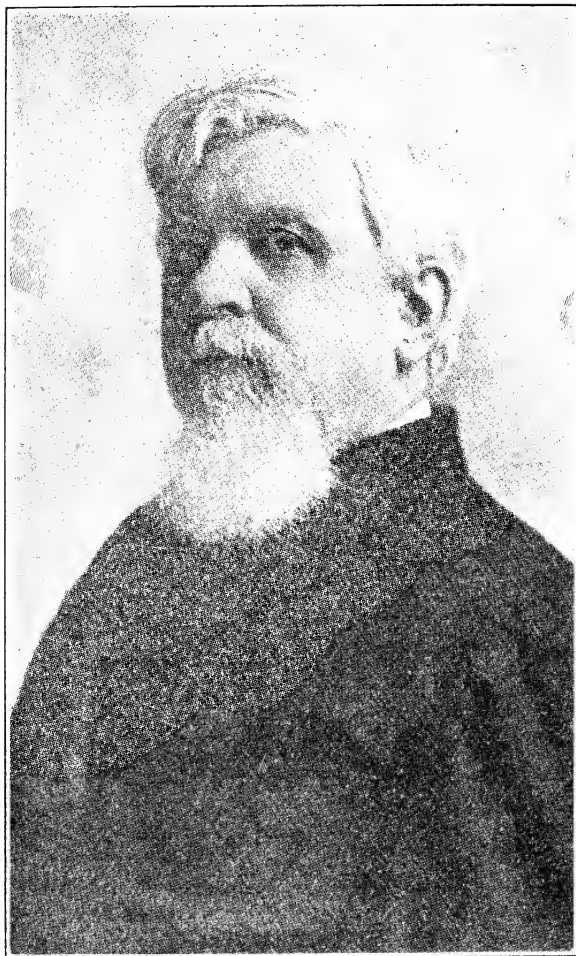
but here and now it matters much.

After all, what we miss most is the old-fashioned love, the folks at home who have not yet remembered we are grown up, but to whom we are always the boys and girls who romped and played around the door so many years ago. The sage tea with its herby odor, and the little love-pats and caresses; whatever the coming years may bring, may they never rob us of this old-fashioned garden of our hearts.

Still we are wending our way down through Oklahoma to Arkansas, passing Muldrow, then through Greenwood Junction, Okla., this being our last town in that state. After passing this point, we cross the State Line into Arkansas and enter the precincts of Fort Smith. This is a town of 35,000 people, and still 164 miles from Little Rock, and 361 miles from Kansas City. Fort Smith is a live, up-to-date city in every respect. It has an inter-urban line to Van Buren, and a fine bridge across the Arkansas River half a mile long. The river sometimes overflows at high water and spreads out to be five miles wide. Fort Smith is the largest manufacturing town in Arkansas, and has the largest wagon manufactory in the Southwest, with a capacity of 15,000 wagons annually. It manufactures \$4,500,000 worth of furniture annually, and has the only wheelbarrow and station platform truck manufactory in the Southwest. It also has seventy-five miles of paved streets.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS IN ARKANSAS.



JUDGE I. C. PARKER.

"Do equal and exact justice."

"Permit no innocent man to be punished,
but let no guilty man escape."

"No politics shall enter here."—I. C. PARKER.

"When Fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
 Men will believe, because they love the lie;
 But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
 Must have solemn proof to pass her down.
 And as the blessed angels turn o'er your book of years,
 Looking for the acts of your life,
 May they read the good with sweetest smiles,
 And blot the bad with tears,"

A SKETCH OF JUDGE PARKER'S LIFE.

Judge Isaac Charles Parker was born in Belmont County, Ohio, in 1838. In 1859 he removed to St. Joseph, Mo., and engaged in the practice of law, and in 1860 was chosen city attorney, filling the office acceptably until 1864, when he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Buchanan County. He entered into politics soon after his arrival at St. Joseph and was president of the first Stephen A. Douglass Club organized in Missouri, but, early in 1861, he espoused the principles of the Republican party, continuing under its banner until his death. In 1864, he was chosen presidential elector, and, as such, assisted in casting Missouri's vote for Abraham Lincoln. In 1868, he was made judge of the Twelfth Judicial Circuit of Missouri, and two years later was elected a member of Congress from the Sixth Missouri District. In 1872, he was re-elected and during the second term served on the Committee on Territories, of which James A. Garfield was chairman. I. C. Parker became world-renowned as judge for the Western District of Arkansas. In 1875, Judge Parker was appointed Chief Justice for Utah. It is more than probable he would have made a name for himself there, but two weeks later President Grant withdrew the appointment.

"TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS,
 GREETING:

"Know ye, that, reposing special confidence in the wisdom, uprightness and learning of Isaac C. Parker, I have nominated and by, and with, the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint him to be Judge of the United States Court for the Western District of Arkansas.

U. S. GRANT,
 President of the United States"



GEO. MALEDON, THE HANGMAN.

It was on the 10th day of May, 1875, that Judge Parker first entered upon his duties as Judge of the Fort Smith Court, which had but recently been removed from Van Buren, and from that time until June, 1896, over 21 years, Judge Parker held court continuously without losing a day on account of sickness.

GEORGE MALEDON, THE PRINCE OF HANGMEN.

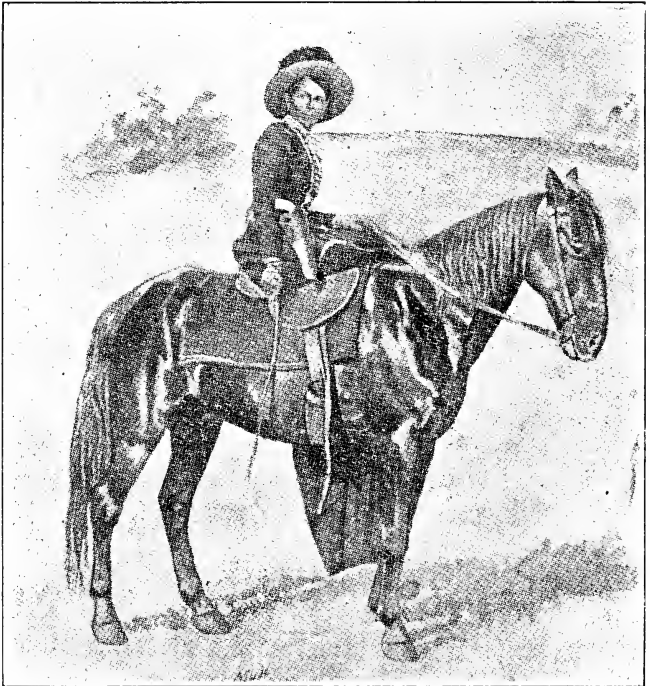
George Maledon was born June 10, 1830, at Landas, Bavaria. He came to America in the next year with his parents, who settled at Detroit, Mich. Here he received an education at the city schools in both German and English branches. He was of an adventurous turn of mind, and on reaching the age of manhood bade adieu to his friends in Detroit and started out to seek his fortune in the great West. After a few months he found himself in the Choctaw Nation in the southeastern part of the Indian Territory, where he took charge of a small lumber mill for Chief Allen and Councillor Riley. Not long after that, he went to Fort Smith and secured a position on the police force, serving for several years under Chiefs Christopher Doff, Robinson and Wheeler. At the breaking out of the Civil War, he enlisted in the First Arkansas Federal Battery and served to the close of the hostilities. In 1865, soon after he was mustered out, he was appointed Deputy Sheriff under Thomas F. Scott, and again under John H. McClure, of Fort Smith. This position he held until 1894, and during the twenty-two years he is said to have performed the uncanny task of executing sixty-eight criminals and shooting five to death, gaining the unenviable reputation of having executed several times as many men as any officer in America, more than any known local executioner of modern times, with the exemption of the famous Deibler, of Paris, France, who is reported to have decapitated 437 persons. The scaffold where the executions were held was built with a trap, thirty inches wide and twenty feet in length, giving room for twelve men to stand thereon side by side.

Maledon was small of stature, five feet five inches in height. He was a quiet, inoffensive man, lived by his fam-

ily and respected by all who knew him. From the expression of his eyes, one would think him wholly indifferent to human feelings, and it is doubtful if a smile crossed his features in many years. He has said he has hanged few truthful men, for nearly all he ever hanged persisted in declarations of innocence even with their last breath. Just before he left Fort Smith, an old lady who visited the prison and was escorted through it by him, asked him if he had ever had any qualms of conscience or feared the spirits of the departed. He replied, "No, I have never hanged a man who came back to have the job done over. The ghosts of men hanged at Fort Smith never hang around the old gibbet." While he often expressed regret that it ever became necessary to execute a human being, he always felt that he only performed his duty as an officer of the law.

Besides the large number of men he hanged, fate willed that while he occupied the position of legal executioner at Fort Smith, he should shoot five prisoners. The first was Frank Butler, a negro, who had been convicted of murder and was being brought out for sentence at a night session of the Court, which Judge Parker had convened at the request of Butler's attorney. Just as the negro stepped from the old basement jail, he threw out both arms, and knocking back the guards on either side, sprang forward in the darkness. Mr. Maledon, whose aim was unerring, quickly turned to the door of the jail, locked it to prevent the escape of other prisoners, then turning his attention to the fleeing negro who was swiftly making for the east wall, leveled his pistol and fired. The stone which, for years marked the spot where the prisoner fell dead is just seventy-five yards from the door where he made his break for liberty. His mother and father were discovered just over the wall, waiting to receive the body, knowing that the attempted escape had been nicely planned, and knowing too, the deadly aim of the jailer, they had preferred that their son be shot dead to seeing him hanged.

Fort Smith was the home of the notorious Starr gang. Belle Starr, the mother, was the ring leader. She would



BELLE STARR, THE NOTORIOUS WOMAN BANDIT.

ride her horse up and down the streets (so runs the story), firing her revolver in all directions and terrorizing the inhabitants.

BELLE STARR, THE FEMALE DESPERADO.

Of all the noted women ever mentioned by word or pen none in history has ever been more brilliantly daring nor more effective in their chosen role than the dashing Belle Starr, champion and leader of robbers, herself a sure shot and murderess, who never forgot an injury nor forgave a foe; who was a terror alike to those she hated and to false friends, and about whom more has been said and written than any member of her sex in America. During her career she is supposed to have directed, from the background, many of the daring acts of the Spaniards and numerous other desperate gangs, and while the records do not point definitely to one murder she committed, yet it is believed that not a few men were laid low by bullets fired by her, though she is known to have said that she never killed a man unless compelled to, adding, "Wouldn't you kill rather than be killed?" Her mature life was a strange mixture of the sentimental, the terrible and the grotesque. Her childhood was as sweet and innocent as the new blown flower; her end was tragic. Her life's history is here given, not with an idea of posing her as a heroine, nor with the hope that a moral may be drawn (though that is indeed possible), but because a history of the Fort Smith Criminal Court and its environments would be strangely lacking in a principal feature, if Belle Starr's history was eliminated. Belle Starr, or, as she was known in girlhood, Myra Belle Shirley, was born in Carthage, Mo., February 3, 1846; she died on her forty-third birthday, February 3, 1889.

On the day of Belle Shirley's (Belle Starr) capture, as noted above, Major Enos had sent a detachment of cavalry to Carthage for the purpose of capturing her brother, Captain Shirley, who was known to be on a visit to his home. Belle, or Myra, as she was then called, had ridden into that section of the country for the purpose of obtaining information that might be of value to her peo-

ple, and, having discovered that men had been sent to capture her brother, was on the point of hastening to warn him, when she was arrested and detained. She had been in the habit of riding recklessly where she pleased, and as scarcely any Union soldier would think of molesting a woman, especially when the woman chanced to be a beautiful and buxom girl, her plans had not hitherto been disarranged. It happened that Major Enos, who had resided in Carthage, was acquainted with both her and her brother, as children, and this was why he had ordered her arrest, he rightly surmising that she was about to go to her brother's assistance. The girl was taken to the chamber of the Ritchey home and guarded by the Major himself, who laughed at her annoyance. This served to anger her and she gave expression to her rage in loud and deep curses. Then she would sit at the piano and rattle off some wild selection in full keeping with her fury; the next instant she would spring to her feet, stamp the floor and berate the Major and his acts with all the ability and profanity of an experienced trooper, while the tears of mortification rolled down her cheeks, her terrible passion only increased by the laughter and taunts of her captor. At last, believing his men to have had time to reach Carthage ahead of her, Major Enos said:

"Well, Myra, you can go now. My men will have your brother under arrest before you can reach him."

With eagerness, trembling in every limb, she sprang to the door, rushed down the stairway and out to a clump of cherry bushes, where she cut several long sprouts for use as riding whips.

"I'll beat them yet," said the girl, as with tearful eyes she swallowed a great lump in her throat. Her horse stood just where her captors had left it; vaulting into the saddle she sped away, plying the cherry sprouts with vigor. A short distance from the house she deserted the traveled road and, leaping fences and ditches without ceremony, struck a bee line in the direction of Carthage. She was a beautiful sight as she rode away through the fields; her lithe figure clad in a closely fitting jacket,

erect as an arrow, her hair unconfined by her broad-brimmed, feather-decked sombrero, falling free and flung to the breeze, and her right hand plying the whip at almost every leap of her fiery steed. The Major seized a field glass and, ascending to the chamber, watched her course across the great stretch of level country.

"Well, I'll be d——," he ejaculated admiringly, "she's a born guerilla. If she doesn't reach Carthage ahead of my troopers, I'm a fool." The Major was right; when his detachment of cavalry galloped leisurely into Carthage that evening, they were greeted by a slip of a girl, mounted on a freshly groomed horse. She dropped a courtesy and asked, "Looking for Capt. Shirley? He isn't here—left half an hour ago—had business up Spring River. 'Spect he's in Lawrence County by this time."

The famous ride of his little sister availed Capt. Shirley but little after all, except that it gave him an opportunity to give up his life in battle. He was killed a few days later while at the head of a band of guerillas, during an engagement in the brush with Federal cavalry.

Her brother's death aroused all the animosity of which her untrammelled nature was capable, and to her dying day there was nothing but hatred for a "yankee." She still continued her rides as a scout as occasion was afforded until the close of the war, and during the three years after her brother's death was frequently with Cole Younger and the James Boys, whose acts of recklessness and daring in after years astonished the world. In 1866, soon after her twentieth birthday, she became the wife of James Reed. They had first met in her home city in their childhood. Reed was the son of a wealthy farmer, residing four miles from Rich Hill, Mo. As a boy he was of a quiet, even religious turn; he attended church regularly, and his mother used to say of him that he was the most helpful and kindly disposed of any of her several sons. It may be surmised with reason, that he was a reader of cheap novels, or it may have been that the thrilling events connected with the Civil War stirred the blood of some adventurous ancestor, flowing in his veins.

At any rate, it appears that Jim Reed, too, was a close friend of the James Boys, that he was more once their companion during their raids, and it was doubtless while riding with them that Jim Reed, the man, came to admire and love, in the brilliant horsewoman of twenty years, the sweet and attractive girl he had seen in childhood.

The marriage of this pair smacked of adventure and was as romantic as their natures. It came about as follows: About the close of the war Judge Shirley had removed with his family to Texas, where the social atmosphere was more to his liking, and as his home in Missouri had been a rendezvous for Quantrell and his guerillas, the companions of his only son, he was visited at his new home in the Lone Star state, after the close of the Civil War by Quantrell and a score or more of his men. Jim Reed had served in the Confederate Army of his own volition, without regular enlistment, joining their command in 1864 in Texas, and continuing until the close of the war, making a good soldier. He, too, was with his old comrades when in 1866, the remnant of the guerilla band visited their old sympathizer and old friend, Judge Shirley. It was a pleasant reunion and Belle assisted her father in providing their guests with every luxury. When they departed, they were accompanied by Belle. Jim Reed had failed to gain the consent of Judge Shirley to the request for his daughter's hand, but he had the girl's consent and the pair were married on horseback in the presence of twenty of his companions. The horse upon which the girl sat was of high mettle and was held while the ceremony was performed by John Fisher, afterwards a noted outlaw.

Soon after this, Reed found it necessary to leave the country for a season and Judge Shirley sent his daughter to school in Parker County, Texas, for almost six months, when the young husband again stole his bride and bore her away to his father's house in Missouri, and Belle Shirley once more breathed her native air.

By some means Judge Shirley managed to treat his energetic son-in-law as he had been treated; he succeed-

ed in stealing his daughter away from her husband within a few weeks, and sent her to live with a brother among the mountains of the far West. Young Reed had a sister who was very sedate, who had seldom been away from her birthplace, and was thoroughly unacquainted with the ways of the world. She was not one who would ordinarily be selected for purposes of a confidential spy in a love affair, but she was the only one at his command, and in his desperation Reed grasped at straws. He induced his unsophisticated sister to go to the home of his unwilling father-in-law in Texas to investigate matters and ascertain what had become of his bride of less than a year. No sooner had she returned, bearing the information he desired, and he at once started away on his long trip, full of hope and determination to have his wife or die. That he was successful was only what might have been expected of a plucky American youth, and, taking her "up behind," he hurriedly left the uncle's ranch, only to be followed by uncle and cousins and was finally brought to bay after a chase of several miles. After numerous shots had been fired without injury to himself or the others, he continued to where a fresh horse could be procured for Belle, and in due course of time the husband and wife were once more enjoying their honeymoon at home.

In September, 1869, Belle became the mother of a beautiful baby girl. Belle idolized her and named her "Pearl," though the baby's grandparents and uncles always insisted on calling her "Rosie." A year after Pearl's birth her father became a fugitive. He had taken the law into his hands and killed the slayer of his brother. It was the outcome of the attempt of three brothers, named Shannon, to murder a man named Fisher, at a point in the Indian Territory only a few miles from Fort Smith, Ark. By chance, a brother of Jim Reed, named Scott Reed, passed where the brothers were in ambush, and was mistaken by them for Fisher and killed. When Jim heard of it, the lines of his face contracted and taking Belle and her baby down by a large oak tree which grew on the bank of a creek, coursing through his father's farm, said to her:

"Be here with our baby twenty-one days from today at 1 o'clock and I will meet you," then kissing her and the baby, he disappeared.

JIM REED BECOMES A FUGITIVE.

Belle counted the days, and an hour before the appointed time was at the bank of the creek, wondering whether her husband was dead or alive. The time drew on, minutes seemed hours, and just as the hands of her watch announced the hour she heard a smothered laugh, and the next moment her husband reached over her shoulder and, taking the baby from her arms, tossed it in the air, then kissed the baby and her. He was accompanied by a young man whom Belle had never seen. "Humph," said the stranger, "Is that the child I've heard you raving over for the past ten days? Why, that is the **BLAMEDEST, UGLIEST LOOKING BABY** I ever seen." The young husband had avenged his brother's death, but in doing so he had committed the fatal act of his life, the act that eventually should be the means of making him bite the dust.

Not daring to remain in Missouri, he at once left, taking wife and child with him, and in the course of time landed in Los Angeles, Calif. Here he remained two years and here in 1871 was born to them a boy whom they named "Eddie," and who was eighteen months younger than Baby Pearl. It soon became known to the Government authorities that Reed was a murderer and a large reward placed on his head. When Pearl was three years old, her father decided it unsafe to continue longer at their home on the Pacific Coast, and leaving his family, he "took to the scout." Going to Texas, he purchased a beautiful home nine miles from Dallas, not far from the ranch of Judge Shirley, who, since the birth of the children had become somewhat reconciled to the marriage of his daughter, and sent word for Belle to come. She, in some way, discovered that she was watched by officers with a view to following her and thus apprehending her husband and securing the reward. Officers in various parts of the country were notified to look

out for a "woman with a little girl and baby." Belle dressed Pearl as a boy and eluded the sleuths. At one place where it was necessary for them to stop at a hotel for a night, the proprietor was greatly attracted to Pearl, whose golden hair hung in beautiful curls and calling her to him, said:

"Oh, what a pretty little curly headed boy." Pearl replied, "No thir, I ain't a boy; I'm my papa's little turly-headed dirl," whereupon Belle, controlling her emotions, explained that on account of the little boy's pretty curly hair, her husband called him his little curly-headed girl.

The innocent, happy life they had enjoyed at Rich Hill was never again to be experienced. Belle reached her new home in safety, but though it was supplied with everything needful, yet the lover for whom she had left her home was only able to be with her at times and for only brief periods. The greed for gold, since the reward was offered, made him fear every man his enemy, and when he came home at all, it was by stealth. A good portion of his time was spent in the Indian Territory, and it chanced that he chose as a rendezvous the home of Tom Starr, a noted Cherokee Indian, living some eighty miles west of Fort Smith, with a half breed wife.

Tom Starr was a son of Ellis Starr, a "Southern Cherokee." He had gained the reputation of being the "worst Indian" with which the Cherokee Government had to deal. He had joined the Confederate forces as a scout during the Civil War, after suffering the loss of near relatives by assassination at the hands of the Ross party, who had committed many depredations against them, and at the declaration of peace he continued on the rampage, becoming a foe so deadly that, in 1866, the Cherokee Government made a special treaty with him, guaranteeing him immunity from punishment for his former crimes in order to induce him to settle and cease to roam the plains. At Tom Starr's home Reed found the seclusion necessary to the safety of a man on whom a price is set, and here for weeks at a time he would stay, sending word to Belle, who would leave her children with

“Grandma Shirley” and go to him for a visit. Belle kept a stable of several fine horses at Dallas, and was ready at any time to mount and away to meet her bandit husband at the home of the noted Cherokee. Tom Starr had a son, Sam Starr, who was several years Belle’s junior. During Belle’s visits to Jim they often attended dances together, often riding twenty to thirty miles for the purpose, and it was not unusual that Sam Starr rode behind on Belle’s horse, the three attending the homely fetes together.

It could scarcely be expected that a man existing under the conditions surrounding Reed would lead a life in strict conformity to law and gospel, and it is little to be wondered at that during the four years after he returned from California that he was on the scout he is said to have committed deeds that would have gained for him severe punishment had he been apprehended.

Belle, being short of money, decided to make a change from her usual manner of replenishing her purse, and at the same time perform the lady act. Decking herself out in raiment suitable for appearance in a civilized community, she proceeded to one of the stirring Texas cities and had no difficulty in ingratiating herself with the “best society.” She adopted her silver-toned voice, put on graceful airs, attended church and Sunday School, and was soon a recognized leader of fashion. Among her many admirers, she seemed to be exceedingly gracious to a middle aged bachelor, who was cashier of one of the leading banks. She kept up her saintly demeanor for several weeks until the banker was in love with the brilliant enchantress and was on the point of proposing. This was Belle’s opportunity. She entered the bank one day while the cashier was alone, the others being at dinner, and after a pleasant chat, he invited her behind the railing. Once there, she became very solicitous of his health, and standing close to the stool upon which he was sitting, told him he must take more out-of-door exercise, as it broke her heart to see him looking so pale and wan. She murmured away in sweetest tones, pulling at his heart-strings at every breath. Suddenly she slipped an ugly looking 45-calibre pistol from the folds of her

skirt, and pressing the glittering steel beneath his chin, said in a low, but determined voice, "Don't make a sound," at the same time lifting a flap of her basque and displaying a sack made for carrying the funds of this special bank. "What does all this mean?" he stammered. "Sh, not a word; put the money right in there and be quick about it." The thoroughly surprised and frightened banker slipped down from his stool, and going to the safe, procured \$30,000 in paper money and placed it in the sack, the mouth of which she obligingly held open. Then she continued, "Now, dear, don't make any outcry; your life depends upon it. Goodbye, sweetheart; come and see me when you come up into the Territory," and, backing out of the building, she proceeded quietly to a nearby livery stable where she had left her horse, vaulted into the saddle without first placing her foot in the stirrup, a feat which surprised the stable hands, and was away like the wind. And that was one time when that bank at closing time, found itself \$30,000 short on the credit side of the ledger.

Not long after, she had become comfortably located in her nook in the mountains, Belle received a visit from Jesse James, the noted outlaw and former friend of her first husband. Belle never "went back" on her husband's friends, and she made him comfortable for the night. He was passing through the country and knew he would be welcomed by his old friend's widow. Sam Starr was away from home when the bandit came to the house. The two men had never met. Starr came home before the other left, and not liking her husband to know of her acquaintance with an outlaw, she gave a fictitious name, and not for several months did the Indian learn from her the identity of their visitor. Gradually the men she had known on the range came to learn of her location and of the handy retreat it offered them, and Belle's place came to be more or less a rendezvous for all kinds of rough characters. A little back, and up the mountains, was a cave which was fitted up into a habitable abode, and there has many an outlaw lain in security, while the officers were hot on the trail. Gradually, too, it came to be whispered among the neighbors

that the newcomer at "Younger's Bend" with the pretty daughter, was a terrible woman from Texas; the reports came to Belle's ears, and with each report she began to care less for her recent good intentions, which circumstances seemed determined to destroy.

It was in such a place as this, amid surroundings of the wildest character, that Pearl was reared, growing up under the name of "Pearl Starr," enjoying life as happy as it was isolated and innocent, until she was in her fifteenth year. She readily took to the wild freedom of the wilderness of her surroundings, and had no word of complaint. Like her mother, she became an expert horse-woman, and as she reached her teens she became more and more beautiful, and, strangely enough, did not take up with the rough ways of her mother's associates, but was as charming and mild mannered a miss as one could wish to meet.

Belle used occasionally to remark to the scouts, who made her place a rendezvous, sleeping at night in the cave up the mountain, that they need never make any change in their usual demeanor when Pearl was about as she was not of a susceptible nature, and while she might not approve of all she saw or heard, yet she said nothing, and having her own ideas of right and wrong, she followed the dictates of her own conscience, not the example set by others. Of the boy Ed, however, she could not say this, and when in after years he came to be at home for a season, Belle would often warn her visitors to be careful what they said before him as his nature was quite the reverse of his sister's. Pearl made visits to her relatives in Missouri and she succeeded altogether in gaining a liberal education, considering her surroundings.

At times Belle would break away from her rough associates and packing her trunks with garments of Fashion's latest dictates, and the dainty accessories of the toilet of a woman "to the manner born," would lay aside her scouting suit and hie away to the popular Eastern watering places, there to spend money lavishly and mingle freely with the wealth and culture of the nation. During such seasons the depredations of the scouts would

seem largely to cease, and the times to become tame by comparison, but only for a season. With her return; her reign would be resumed and people would remark, as if by intuition, "Belle Starr is back again," though there is not the least doubt that much of this was imaginary and that the woman was not really half as black as she was painted.

As her life had been a tumultuous one, so was her death. There is something awful to contemplate in the thought of a woman dying "with her boots on," but who could expect that other than natural results should follow, that a human being, be it man or woman, whose whole life nearly had been one of reckless daring, whose every act had been that of an outlaw, should, at last, meet with mortal violence, and should die by an assassin's hand. It was on her forty-third birthday, February 3, 1889, that the notorious Belle Starr's earthly career was ended.

This gang, of which she was such a prominent factor, included Cherokee Bill, the bad man spoken of as being a resident of Fort Gibson. He and the eight remaining members of the gang were finally taken. A large reward was offered for them, and a supposed friend of Cherokee Bill's knocked him down and tied him, and the rest of the gang were then overpowered. I met a sixteenth blood Indian, who was a personal friend of Henry Starr, at one time leader of the gang. Henry Starr said of Cherokee Bill that he was the worst man at heart he ever knew; that he would rather kill a man than eat a meal when he was hungry. One time Bill met a friend in the road who said, "Hello, Bill, how are you?" "All right yet," Bill says, "but I am behind." The man did not understand what he meant, so he says, "Behind, what do you mean, Bill?" "Why, I am behind in my killing. I haven't killed a man in three days. I am going to kill the first man I meet." The first person he met was a Mr. E. Gibson, an engineer in his cab on a passenger train (Iron Mountain). He shot him in the cheek, but did not kill him. He still pulls a passenger train along the same route. Bill seems to have had a mania for killing people.

These men were all condemned to be hanged, and were



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF CHEROKEE BILL,
Notorious Oklahoma and Arkansas Outlaw.

in the jail at Fort Smith, awaiting execution, when, in some way, Cherokee Bill got hold of a revolver and began shooting and would allow no one to enter the jail. He was starving himself and the others in his party. They were very careful to examine everything that went into the jail but overlooked the matter of a cake, sent to Bill by loving hands; in this cake was the revolver and shells. They were afraid to go into his cell or even in the jail. Henry Starr said if they would release him, he would take the gun away from Bill. He was the only man who was not afraid of Bill. They promised to commute his sentence to life imprisonment, and released him, and he took the gun away from Bill. All the others were hung. Henry Starr went to State Prison, and was afterwards pardoned and tried to live a right life, but his early instincts were too strong, for we find he is now serving a sentence in the Colorado Penitentiary.

JOHNNIE POINTER'S BOAST.

"While boldly I rove and wander,
What's the old man's money to me;
He'll give me all I can squander
And still I'm his Johnnie, you see.
It may be I'll sometime be arrested,
And come out the best way I can;
Should I have to go on the gallows,
I'll die like the bravest of men."

The sentence of Cherokee Bill for the Keating murder, though unusually brief, was said by some of the members of the Fort Smith bar to be Judge Parker's masterpiece in its line; it is here given:

The Court said: "Cherokee Bill, stand up. Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, you have been convicted of the murder of Lawrence Keating. Under the law it becomes the duty of the court to pass upon you the sentence of the law, that sentence which the law says shall follow a conviction of the crime of murder. Have you anything to say why that sentence should not now be passed?"

The prisoner, "No, sir."

The Court: "The crime you have committed is but another evidence, if any were needed, of your wicked, lawless, bloody and murderous disposition. It is another evidence of your total disregard of human life; another evidence that you revel in the destruction of human life. The many murders you have committed, and their reckless and wanton character, show you to be a human monster from whom innocent people can expect no safety. The killing of Lawrence Keating shows three wicked and unprovoked murders that we know you have committed. If reports speak the truth, two or three more innocent human beings have been robbed of their lives by you. The evidence in this case shows that you most wantonly and wickedly stole the life of a brave and true man; that he died by your murderous hand—a martyr at the post of duty, while bravely guarding you and the desperate criminals in the jail with you. You wickedly slew him in your mad attempt to escape that you might evade the punishment justly due for your many other murders and robberies. It was, no doubt, a concerted movement between you and many of the other murderers in the jail to effect an escape. You were lawfully confined in the United States jail for murder and robbery. The evidence shows that by some wicked agency—it is difficult to tell what that agency was—you had weeks before obtained a revolving pistol and many cartridges; that you concealed the same in your mattress, awaiting an opportunity to do the deadly act you did do. The time came, to Lawrence Keating the fatal hour struck, and you, without remorse, in cold blood, in the most devilish way, shot down poor Lawrence Keating, one of the guards at the prison, while he was faithfully discharging the duty in the station he filled, to peace, to order, to the security of human life, to the supremacy of the law, and to his country. He died like a brave soldier. He gave up his life rather than fail to perform his duty. You ordered him to throw up his hands, to surrender to you—a murderer and bandit. The brave and honest man was, no doubt, startled; he was shocked, but he never quailed, and because he did not surrender to you, that you might escape yourself, and lead the host of other criminals to escape judgment, you

with your murderous hand, directed by a mind, saturated with crime, while he was gallantly and bravely upholding the laws of his country, shot him to death. He was a minister of peace; you were, and are, a minister of wickedness, of disorder, of crime, of murder. Lawrence Keating was in the discharge of a great duty when you killed him. Your fatal bullet destroyed the life of a gallant, brave man, who died like a true citizen and faithful officer. He died as gallantly and bravely as if he had given up his life for the flag upon the battle field. His family deserves as well as his country and every lover of peace and order, as though he had so died. He died at the hand of an assassin, at the hand of a wicked man of crime.

“You have taken the life of a good man, who never harmed you—a faithful citizen, of a kind father, and a true husband. Your wicked act has taken from a home its head, from a family its support. You have made a weeping widow; your murderous bullet has made four little sorrowing and helpless orphans. But you are a man of crime, and you heed not the wails and shrieks of a sorrowing and mourning wife no more than you do the cries for a dead father of the poor orphans. Surely this is a case where all who are not criminals or sympathizers with crimes, should approve the swift and certain justice that has overtaken you.

“All that you have done has been done by you in the interest of crime, in the furtherance of a wicked, criminal purpose. The jury in your case have properly convicted you; they are to be commended for it, and for the promptness with which they did it. You have had a fair trial, notwithstanding the howls and shrieks to the contrary. There is no doubt of your guilt of a most wicked, foul and unprovoked murder, shocking to every good man and woman in the land. Your case is one where justice should not walk with leaden feet. It should be swift. It should be certain. As far as this court is concerned, it shall be, for public justice demands it, and personal security demands it. If Lawrence Keating had thrown up his hands and surrendered to you, he might have lived. but there is no telling how many other innocent and brave human lives would have been taken. He died for

others, and a greater death than this no man can die. I once before sentenced you to death for a horrible and wicked murder, committed by you while you were engaged in the crime of robbery. I then appealed to your conscience by reminding you of your duty to your God and your own soul. The appeal reached not your conscience, for you answered it by committing another most foul and dastardly murder. I therefore shall say nothing to you on that line here and now.

“You will listen to the sentence of the law, which is, that you, Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, for the crime of murder committed by you, by you willfully and with malice aforethought taking the life of Lawrence Keating in the United States jail in Fort Smith, and within the jurisdiction of this court, of which crime you stand convicted by the verdict of the jury in your case, be deemed, taken and adjudged guilty of murder; and that you be therefor for the said crime against the laws of the United States be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that the marshall of the Western District of Arkansas, by himself or deputy, or deputies, cause execution to be done in the premises upon you on Tuesday, September tenth, 1895, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of same day. And that you now be taken to the jail from whence you came, to be there closely and securely kept until the day of execution, and from thence on the day of execution there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. May God whose laws you have broken, and before whose tribunal you must then appear, have mercy on your soul.”

HIS LAST DAY.

The final chapter in the life of Crawford Goldsby, alias Cherokee Bill, the most noted of all the Indian Territory desperadoes, was closed at 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of March 17, 1896. At that moment Jail Guard Eoff, whom Cherokee Bill tried to kill in July previous, threw the fatal lever and sprung the trap that launched Bill and the other murderers into eternity. Just before 2 o'clock Bill said, “Well, I am ready to go now 'most any time,” and the jail was cleared. Outside the crowd

had swollen and there was a dense jam about the side entrance to the jail. A pathway was cleared, and at 2 o'clock the huge door swung open and the march to the gallows was taken up, the condemned man walking between Guard Eoff and George Lawson. As he gained the outside, walking slowly on account of his shackles, he said, "**Hell, look at the people; something must be going to happen.**" Then looking up to the sky, he said, "This is about as good a day to die as any." Bill walked with a firm step and took up his position near the back of the gallows, waiting for the end. Turning, he saw his mother; he said to her, "Mother, you ought not to have come up here." Her answer was, "I can go wherever you go."

One of the deputies asked him, if he wanted to say anything. "**No,**" he replied, "**I came here to die, not to make a speech.**"

The marshall then read the warrant, during which Bill gazed about, but showed no emotion. The marshal asked him:

"Have you anything to say?"

"No," in a low tone, "except that **I wish the priest would pray.**" Hardened wretch though he was he feared to go into the great beyond with all his heartless crimes hanging over him, without any assistance, ever so slight, to guide him over the dark river. The priest complied with a few brief sentences. Bill listened attentively, then walked over and stood upon the trap. George Maledon adjusted the ropes, binding his arms and legs, Bill meanwhile bidding his acquaintances goodbye.

The records show that there have been more legal hangings in Fort Smith than in any other town in the world. In the early days there were so many desperate characters down in this country that in order to establish a right order, the courts had to go to work and clean up and set an example that would stop others from wrong doing. Judge Parker sentenced 87 men to be hung while he was Judge of the United States Criminal Court, and Sheriff Maledon hanged 68 while he was in office. At this time the Federal Courts had jurisdiction

over Western Arkansas and Oklahoma. There was so much outlawry in this country in the early days that in cleaning up the country, the Federal Court was in perpetual session. The United States marshals rode in posses, and, in turn the desperate characters organized in bands. This was the cause of Judge Parker being compelled to sentence so many to death. Sheriff Maledon died a few years ago, and they say his death was something dreadful to witness. The men he hanged are supposed to have appeared before him.

Fort Smith has some fine churches, which show that after all the early-day outlawry, it has settled down to a fine citizenship.

About five miles south of Fort Smith is the town of Van Buren, and connected with Fort Smith by interurban. It is a town of some note from the fact that William J. Bryan, our Secretary of State, has three nephews living at Van Buren at the present time. Also Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri, Ambassador to Austria under Roosevelt, lived at Van Buren in the early days before there was any railroad into this country. All merchandise was shipped from St. Louis by water up the Arkansas River. Mr. Kerens had mule trains to carry these goods over land through Texas and Mexico.

It was formerly called "Columbia," and is at the South Fork of the Santa Fe Trail. Here three of De Soto's men lie buried. It is also noted as the home of General Albert Pike. Evangeline, in her wanderings, left the river and went in search of her lover at this point. (See Longfellow's "Evangeline.") At Piney Creek, a few miles further west there is a Lovers' Leap. This is a stone bluff, 150 feet high, which looks straight down into the river. There were two lovers once pursued by their parents up this cliff. Rather than be overtaken by the enraged parents, they locked in each other's arms and leaped to death. During the war times the soldiers who were condemned to die were taken up to this point by the guards and forced to leap to the waters below. One time a few soldiers went up with a bunch of condemned prisoners, and knowing they were nearing death, they rebelled, caught the soldiers and threw them

into the river and escaped. Ever after, all prisoners were tied together and made to leap at the same time.

About ten miles from this is Bee Bluff, which is 300 feet straight up from the river. About 200 feet up from the river there seems to be a hole in the rock, which gives off a shining light, like silver. This had bothered the natives ever since the settlement of that part of the country, and until a few years ago they were unable to find a man who had nerve enough to venture there. A man finally took a windlass and rope and went down the bluff from the top 100 feet to the object of his investigation. He found this was a great recess in the rock and the birds for years had been carrying in glass and shining articles which made this place so brilliant. This satisfied the curiosity of the natives.

Twenty-five years ago close to this town a piece of silver steel fell from the sky. For several minutes before it reached the ground they could hear it coming through the air like a dog howling, it being red hot from the friction produced by coming through the air at such a rapid rate. It burned all trees and leaves as it came down through them, and buried itself in the ground four feet. It was afterwards taken to a museum.

Upon Log Town Hill is located Log Hill school house, where the original Turkey Trot first was danced. This is the dance which is so popular in the Northwest. Log Town Bill Smith was a dancing master. No one was eligible to the best society in those days unless he had taken lessons from Log Town Bill. The boys and girls of the best people walked six and eight miles to these dances. Log Town Bill Smith still lives there.

The soil around Van Buren is very rich. They have from 800 to 1000 acres in strawberries which are shipped from this town. They also have hundreds of acres of various kinds of fruit trees. In 1912, there were 2200 cars of peaches shipped on this line from Wagoner, Okla., to Little Rock, Ark. There were 54 carloads of potatoes brought into this town for shipment in one day. A man who had in three acres of canteloupes in the year 1913, sold from this land \$916.55 worth. He gave one-quarter crop rent, and the renter received \$76 rent per acre.

They grow the Winesap, the delicious Arkansas Black, Missouri Pippin, Mammoth Black Twig, Jonathan, Ingram's, Gibbons, Roman Beauty, Grimes Golden and Stayman's Winesap apples. All these varieties grow with good profit. The Oakland Fruit Company, of Van Buren, from an orchard of eighteen acres, sold \$6000 worth of fruit.

The strawberry industry has become a matter of great importance in this state. In one day, at this point alone, they shipped 32 cars, 525 crates to the car—48c per crate for picking, which makes \$8,064 from one day's picking; earning for strawberry ground about \$3,360,000 for one day. Strawberries will pay from \$100 to \$350 per acre. F. H. Smeltzer, of Van Buren, from five acres, sold the net amount of \$14,000 for the year 1910. F. R. Robinson, of Dardanelle, in the year of 1909, sold \$300 worth of berries from one-half acre. In this country in 1910, there were 32000 acres in corn, 1000 acres in potatoes and 2800 acres in cotton. The country is ideally one of double crops. The climate is mild, not subject to any prolonged periods of heat or cold, and the water at Van Buren is, by the Government analysis, as perfect and pure as there is in the world. Arkansas is a great state in some ways. They raise lots of cotton, a great fruit state, and raise lots of children. Arkansas builds a schoolhouse every working day of the year at an average cost of \$3,970. Arkansas raised a good deal of cane in the early days. 85% of boxnite, or aluminum, is mined in this state.

Arkansas can boast of another thing that no other state in the Union can say, the Ark, the ship that Noah commanded, landed in this state when the water went down, or receded. This is what the Bible says (if you have ever read it), "Noah looked out of his Ark-an-saw land."

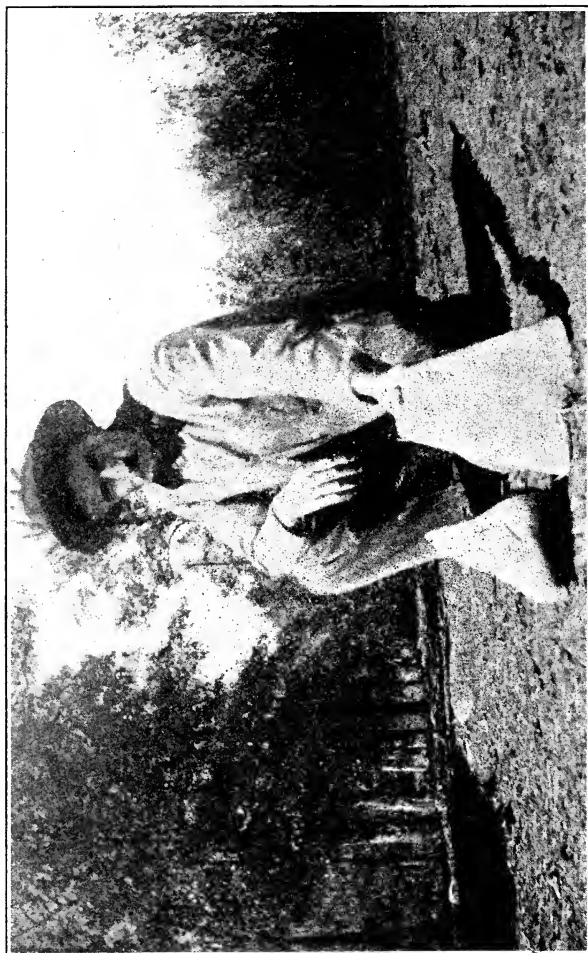
The cotton crop in Oklahoma and Arkansas is a great source of revenue for the farmers. It takes from 1600 to 1700 lbs. of seed cotton to make a bale of lint cotton, weighing from 500 to 575 lbs. They get from 1000 to 1100 lbs. seed from a bale. This seed is worth about \$9 to \$11, making an average bale of cotton, seed and all, worth

about \$60 to \$70, depending on the price. A size of a bale of lint cotton is 27x54 inches, and then it goes to the compressor, and is compressed to 12x54 inches in dimensions. This is the size it must be, so when it goes aboard ship to be exported, it will fit just so many bales in a given space. If it varies an inch either way, there is 50% per bale excess on it. This country exports about 60% of all our cotton and then we import cotton goods back. Arkansas raised in 1912, 800, 210 bales. They have hauled 1,056,000 bales from Wagoner, Okla., to Little Rock, Ark., on this road. They raised in 1913, 390,500 bales, worth about \$23,430,000.

We must trot on down the line to Ozark—1600 people. This a great summer resort. Wealthy men from the cities have summer homes on top of these mountains, and in the summertime they have to keep fires in the evening. It seems to appeal to the people of wealth from the cities, owing to the cool, delightful climate, and it is surprising to one, stopping there, to see how many wealthy families find this an interesting and advantageous summer resort. Just south of Ozark, a few miles is Mt. Magazine, 3264 feet, the highest point in the United States between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains.

In the Boston Mountains, north of Ozark, certain mining excavations were made and dirt removed from the face of the rock bluff. After 25 or 30 feet of earth was removed, a pavement was discovered, which consisted of flat stone, evidently placed there by the hand of man. A key stone was found, together with rocks on which were cut the square and compass. As the dirt was gradually removed from the face of the rock bluff, the entire surface was found to be scratched with engravings, indicating Masonic activities, notably an eye and long ladder, with many other markings and cuttings, some of which were not intelligible.

There is evidence that the work had been done and covered up with earth prior to the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that community. There is no town at all there, and it is located on the bank of a small stream, called Mulberry Creek. All indications of the earth re-



MASONIC EMBLEMS, OZARK MOUNTAIN, ARK.

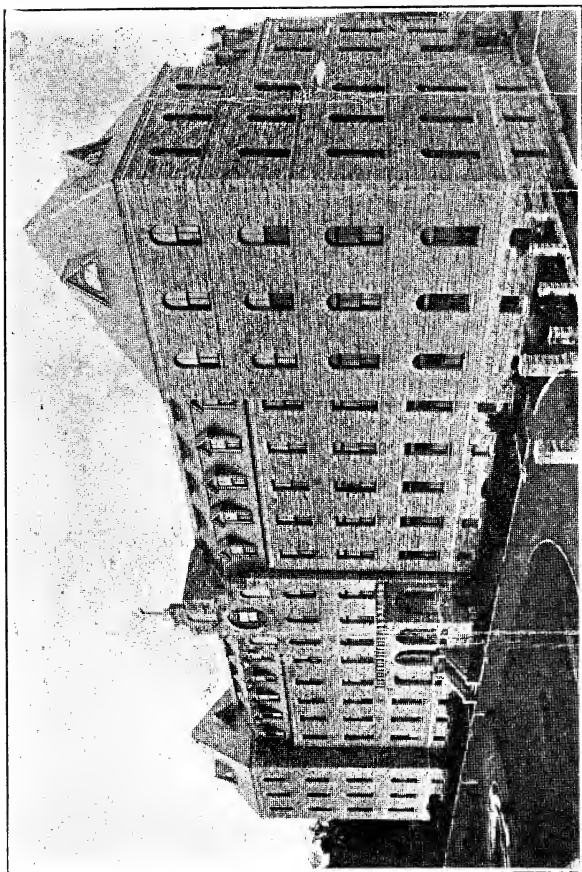
moved point to the fact it had been filled in once upon a time. By whose hand it was wrought, and for what purpose, is a mystery deep and impenetrable, but it remains to this day a silent testimonial of some one's loyalty and fidelity to the principles which had been espoused.

The Revelee Valley, north of Mt. Magazine, is reported to be a part of the route Ponce de Leon passed in search of the Fountain of Youth. In this valley were found relics of early inhabitants, probably Indians. Revelee Valley is one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in the state. Ponce de Leon finally went to Hot Springs to the Valley of Vapor.

Altus means altitude, and is the name of a town of 1000. It is the highest point between Fort Smith and Little Rock. It is a great grape country. A colony was attracted to Arkansas more than forty years ago by reason of the fact that a bottle of wine was made in Arkansas, which took the premium at a wine show held in France. There are great wine cellars in this town, holding 30,000 gallons, which are in aerated vats. The grapes grown here have been recognized for many years for their superior flavor and aroma. Carloads of grape cuttings are shipped from this place every year to the great Stark Nursery Company.

Sparda is a mining town. Across the Arkansas River they are building a Catholic monastery, called "Subiaco." The Benedictine Brothers quarried and laid all the stone and did all work on the building themselves. They are all German Catholics. This structure is being built at a cost of one-half million dollars. It is made in the shape of a hollow square, or court, and there will be ten acres of flower gardens inside. The building is a stone structure. All the stone and lumber, except finishing material, were quarried and sawed within one-half mile of the building site. When finished, it will be worth going to see.

While we are in this Catholic region, it might be interesting to learn something of this people who lead such secluded lives. I've learned there are two kinds of priests, the regular and secular. The regular priests, or



NEW ABBEY AND COLLEGE AT SUBIACO, ARK.

monks, put all their salaries, or earnings, back into the church, or order. The secular priests can do what they choose with their salaries, or earnings. All of these orders are separate from each other, the same as any other company, but each one pledges its company always to work for this cause of education along Catholic lines. The Benedictine Order is 1400 years old, the oldest in the Catholic Church, and the priests are called monks.

Subiaco College, or the Benedictine Order, is independent of the Pope, Bishop or General. All its moneys and business are kept separate from the Church, or other orders. It is a company, or corporation, under the laws of the State of Arkansas. They hold their stockholders' meeting twice a year, and elect an abbot, who is chairman of the meetings. This property belongs to all the company.

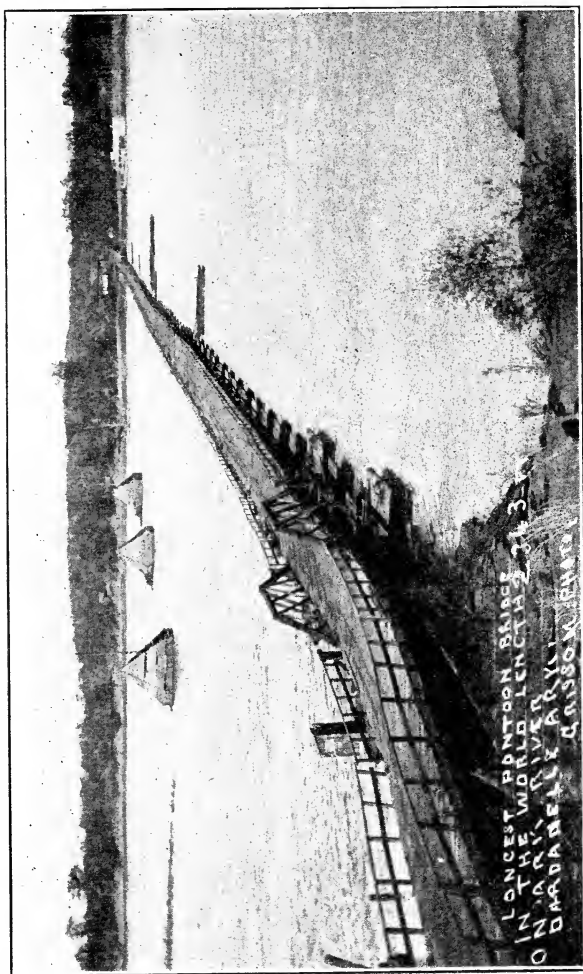
The Franciscan Order is under the direct superintendency of the Pope, Bishop or General. The General is Pope, as it were, over all orders of the Franciscans in the world, and has complete control, under the direction of the Pope. The Franciscans do not handle any money themselves. They take a vow of poverty. A Brother pays all railroad fare at one end of the journey, and another Brother at the other end of the journey. A Brother Procurator handles all money for the Franciscan priests, or monks. The Franciscan Order is about 900 years old.

We next stop at the town of Clarksville, the county seat of Johnson County. The population is 2500. It is located in the northwestern part of the state, containing an area of 432 acres, and is in the fruit and coal belt of Arkansas. Generally, the country is rolling, with an average altitude of 539 feet, ranging from 336 feet in the lowlands to 1550 feet at Ozone. A very valuable product of Johnson County is the coal. The principal crops grown in this county are fruits and berries of all kinds, corn, oats, potatoes, cotton, alfalfa and all kinds of vegetables. One thousand carloads of Elberta peaches were shipped in 1912; 10,000 bales of cotton and 690,000 bushels of corn were raised in the county in 1913. Hogs have been raised with great success. L. J. Burger, of

Knoxville, made a litter of pigs average 319 pounds net in eight months. The average value of land per acre is \$12.96. Good unimproved land ranges from \$2 to \$5 per acre. The fruit land is the most valuable in the county. The value of all farm property in Johnson County is \$4,991,330, which is an increase of 113% in the last decade. This county is abundantly blessed with coal. It has the largest semi-anthracite mine west of the Mississippi River. The pay roll of this mine is over \$60,000. Clarksville is the home of Mr. Webb Covington, one of the leading lawyers in the State of Arkansas, also state senator from this district. He is a man of great oratorical ability, and when he makes a speech in the Senate, he is always heard with marked attention.

The next town of importance is Russellville, a town of about 6000 inhabitants. Russellville is 74 miles from Little Rock and 451 miles from Kansas City. It is quite a noted town. From here were shipped during 1913, 700 cars of Elberta peaches, 100 cars of apples and 20 carloads of cantaloupes. They have good coal mines here of both soft and semi-anthracite. It is a great school town. It has one of the four agricultural colleges of the state. All churches are represented here, except the Catholic, this being something unusual for a town of this size. The Presbyterian Church has the finest building in the town; the Methodist Episcopal and the Christian churches, both are magnificent structures and have large congregations. Russellville has a great water system, having a large dam across the Illinois Bayou River, which furnishes power for their water and electric light system; they also furnish light for the town of Dardanelle, one of the oldest towns in Arkansas, and it is down here we find the longest pontoon bridge in the world, 2343 feet long.

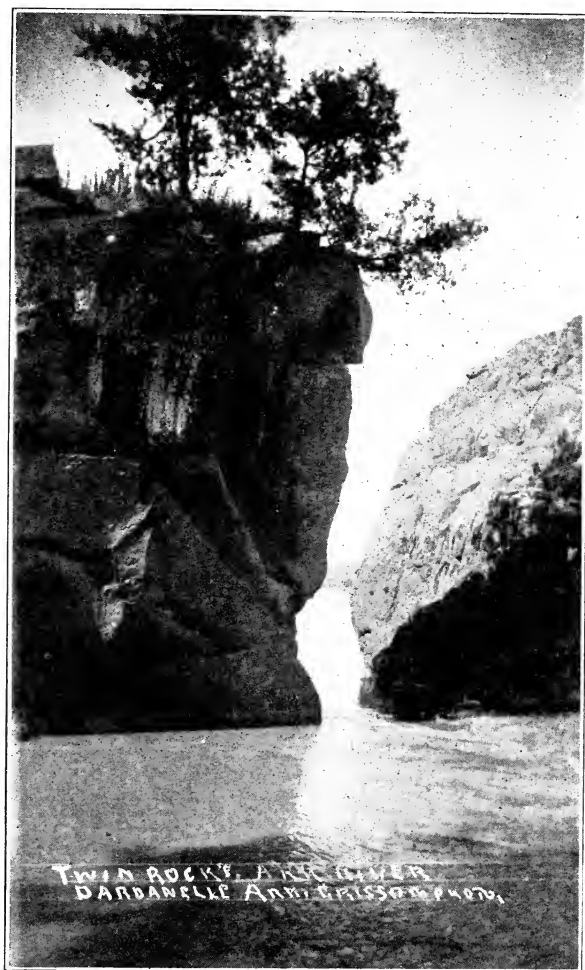
Norris is a small town at the terminal of the Dardanelle and Russellville R. R., running from Russellville to the Pontoon Bridge, connecting with the Pontoon Hack Line, running to Dardanelle. This road is four miles long and runs slowly. Grandma Norris, 80 years old, was walking to Russellville one day; the Conductor said, "Grandma, don't you want to ride?" She said, "No, thank you, not today, I am in a hurry."



THE LONGEST PONTOON BRIDGE IN THE WORLD—2343 FEET LONG.

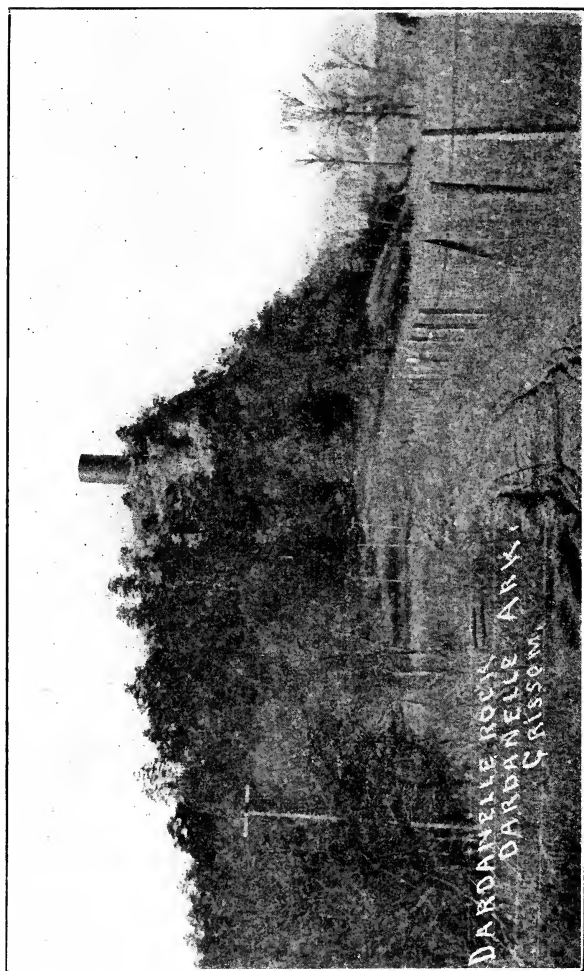


BUZZARD CAVE, MOUNT NEBO, ARK.



TWIN ROCKS, ARK. RIVER
DARDANELLE ANNIE CRISSMAN PHOTO.

THE TWIN ROCKS, DARDANELLE, ARK.



WHERE THE INDIAN DARDANELLE JUMPED TO HIS DEATH.

Dardanelle is one of the oldest towns in Arkansas, four miles south of Russellville, and connected with Russellville by the Russellville & Dardanelle railroad. Dardanelle is quite a historic town. Mt. Magazine, the highest point between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, also the Twin Rocks and the famous Dardanelle Rock, from which the Indian Dardanelle jumped and took his life in the yellow waters, "winding southward to the sea," are here. The beautiful legend is given below; from this the town received its name.

LEGEND OF DARDANELLE ROCK.

Where bold Arkansas' yellow stream
Winds southward to the sea,
There lies the dark and bloody ground
Where fell the Cherokee.

In numbers weak, in fury strong,
They held their vantage well;
And loud and shrill the war-cry rang
Where strode young Dardanelle.

By birth, a king, by prowess, chief,
He dared the invading foe;
And many a brawny Choctaw brave
By him was stricken low.

But in a fatal hour he met
And loved an Indian maid.

Leonietta—fairest flower
That bloomed in sun or shade.

From eagle's wing—from hill and plain
For her were treasures brought;
And her soft eye had brightest gleams
Of summer sunshine caught.

The pride of Choctaw's haughty race
Was she, their young gazelle,
But dearer than his own heart's blood
To brave, bold Dardanelle.

Oft floating in his canoe,
At midnight's witching hour,
Was he 'neath Ozark's shadows drawn
By love's mysterious power.

No more in warlike counsel rang
His voice to all the tribe,
And silently with scorn he heard
Their hints at pledge and bribe.

To his Leonietta's breast,
He gave his hopes and fears;
For much he feared her father's wrath
And feuds of earlier years.
"Acquaint him with our troth," he said,
"And when the sun has set,
On yonder dizzy crag I'll stand,
I pray you not forget.
"If when the sun has reached its base,
You touch the river's side,
And wave your mantle, I shall come
To claim you as my bride.
"But if the sun-light falls and fades,
And still I see no sign;
Let them your woman's heart bestow;
This dark stream shall keep mine."
For hours he stood, his heavy heart
Throbbled anxiously and fast;
Then turned his eye toward those pines
'Neath which they wandered last.
To the Great Spirit then he spoke,
And loud the death-cry rang;
Then fell his crimson blanket there
As o'er the cliff he sprang.
O woeful maid, O trust betrayed;
The last bright sunbeam fell;
Then closed the dark and icy stream
Above bold Dardanelle.
Still does Arkansas' yellow stream
Wind southward to the sea,
Past long-forgotten mounds that tell
Where lies the Cherokee.
No more they chase the bounding deer
Or breezy uplands press;
They lived and died as men have done
In many a wilderness.
The river flows, the mountain stands,
There is no more to tell;
Save that this tall and frowning rock,
Is still called Dardanelle.

—Annie Robertson Noxon.

On the top of Mt. Nebo is a great summer resort with a great many lovely homes. Part way up the mountain side is a table land consisting of a large number of acres of very fertile soil on which are raised some of the finest fruits and vegetables in the State of Arkansas.

A few miles from Russellville is the squatter home of the original Arkansas Traveler, and some of his descendants still live in Russellville. A man, by the name of Sandy Faulkner, who stumped the state for governor, on his travels, met this man at his hut, sitting on a stump, playing his fiddle. This well-known conversation actually took place and Faulkner's nephew, who was with him, set the words to music.

Mr. D. R. McCollister, dining car conductor, is authority on the following story: Russellville was the home of the "hog stuffers." These men in the early days would trap the wild hogs; these hogs had been used to eating wild feed and were not used to domestic victuals. Now, my dear little girl, I will try to describe these wild hogs of Arkansas. The reason they are called "razor backs," or "rail splitters," is because they never got very fat in their native state, and their backs are sharp like a rail, and the reason they are called wind splitters is because their snout is very long and small. However, in some respects they resemble the Northern hog, the squeal being on the same end. They get the bristles from these hogs to use for wax ends in shoe shops. They take the grown hogs and confine them in a close place. They have a thick rubber hose about three feet long and three inches in diameter on inside, which they force down the hogs' throats, on the other end of the hose they have a tin funnel which will hold about a half bushel of ground feed. Now this feed is forced down these hogs for a couple or three times. These wild hogs, being used to wild mast, won't eat domestic feed until they have had a few feeds. After being fed, all are turned into a stout corral with a dark shed place for them to hide in during the daytime. After they learn to eat our corn, they come out at night and gorge themselves; are never seen in the daytime. This feed being new to them, after learning to eat it, they are very fond of it and they fatten very fast. This meat still retains a great percent of the flavor of the wild hog and in the best cafes in the East, on the menu card they specify this wild meat, and it is extra high in price.

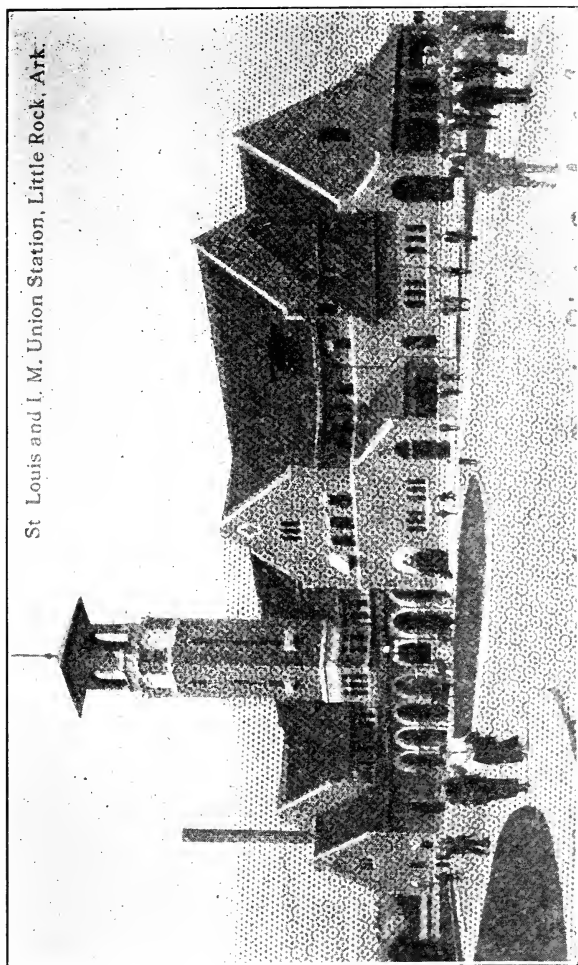
Next comes Atkins, London and several other small

towns. They have furnished hundreds and hundreds of thousands of cars of rock to the Government to rip rap the Mississippi River.

Well, we will have to move on down the line to Morrilton, which has about 3500 people, and is the county seat of Conway County. This is a beautiful town, well located and also a good farming country. They have eight good churches, a Catholic monastery and a convent. The Presbyterian Church is the leading Protestant church and has a very fine building. Fifty carloads of peaches were shipped from there in 1912, fifteen of cantaloupes, ten of potatoes and one hundred and fifty cars of alfalfa hay. It is a very fine strawberry country. From 75 to 100 carloads of early strawberries were shipped from here in 1912. In the fall of 1913, there were shipped from Morrilton to Carrizo Springs, Texas, 4,000,000 strawberry plants. These would plant about 1000 acres of berries, taking seven cars to the shipment. There was a cucumber raised at this place, weighing sixty pounds. I could not learn whether they pickled it or used it on the table sliced. Mr. J. C. Holcomb, during the season of 1911, secured gross returns of \$1900 from twelve acres of strawberries. His net proceeds were \$1190.

Next we run through a tunnel about a quarter of a mile long, where we have to turn our light on, then we emerge into the open daylight and come to Conway, a town of 3000 people, in the center of a fine agricultural country. It has a broom factory which manufactures one-half a carload of brooms a day. It is also a school town.

The next town of any importance is Argenta. This town is just across the Arkansas River from Little Rock. The Iron Mountain R. R. shops are located here. They employ about 3,500 people. They can repair 30 engines at one time. There are four bridges across the Arkansas River from Little Rock to Argenta, all in sight of each other. We are going to go across one of these bridges now into the Iron Mountain depot. This is one of the finest one-road depots that I know of, being five stories high. We go in under the sheds where there are six stairways, leading up into a covered opening, or great reception room, 70x300 feet, with a cement floor. All ex-



St. Louis and I. M. Union Station, Little Rock, Ark.

THE ST. L. I. M. & S. STATION, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

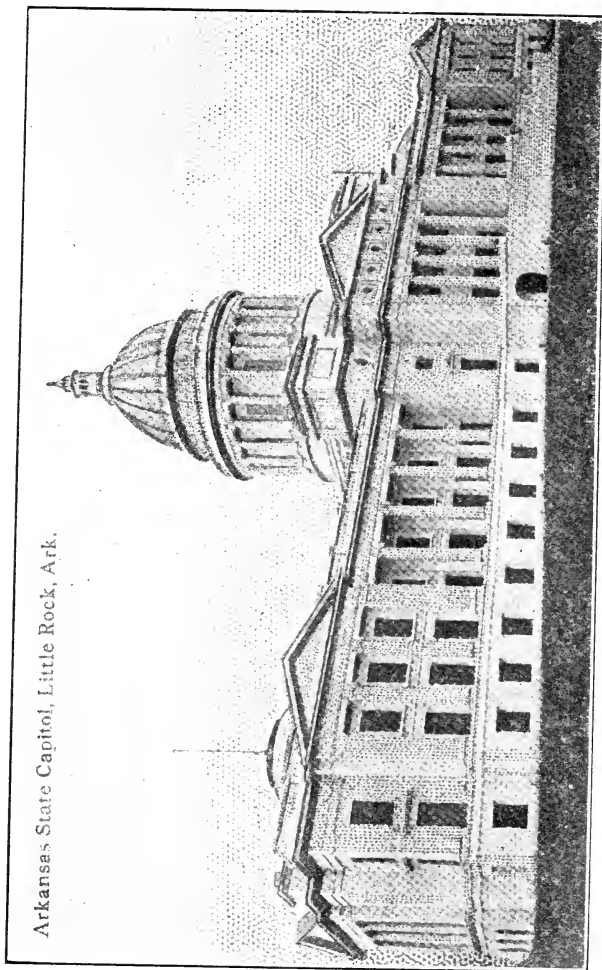
press, baggage and mail matter is handled in the basement, having 18,000 feet of receiving platform. The depot proper is up-to-date in every respect.

Little Rock is the capital of Arkansas and a city of 50,000 people, the largest by far of any town in the state and strictly up-to-date. They have some lovely business blocks, a fine Y. M. C. A., and all church denominations are well represented there. The people are proud of the Pulaski Heights. This is the new residence district, seven miles out. It is connected with the city by electric line and has a beautiful park and some lovely residences. There are a great many mansions with pines and other shade trees. In this part of the state, the snakes are very numerous. There are lots of rattlesnakes and a large variety of black snake and moccasin. I think it would be a good idea for them to send for St. Patrick.

I am not much given to stories, but I want to tell you one true snake story which was told me by the Chief of Police. His son-in-law lived out a few miles from Little Rock. They had a daughter, twelve years old, and having sick folks at home, she was compelled to make a trip of three miles to a neighbor's through the cane brakes. After the child got about half the distance, she met a big black snake in the road which reared up and met her. It coiled itself around her, but still it came clear up until its head stuck right in front of her face. The little girl was so frightened she could hardly stand and could not move. Being so scared, and not knowing what else to do, she unconsciously grabbed the snake below the head at the small part of the body with both hands and gave it a death-like grasp. It gradually loosened its coils and when she was released, she started for home. On arriving at home, the mother saw a black snake following her.

The Capitol building at Little Rock is a fine structure which is almost completed. I went up to the State Legislature one morning to see what these "animals," who frame the state laws, were doing. After leaving the Lower House, I went up to the Senate where they have an "animal" of a very rare species for this part of the

Arkansas State Capitol, Little Rock, Ark.



STATE CAPITOL, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

country. It was a Bull Mooser of the progressive type. Everybody knows that a Bull Mooser in Arkansas would look like a wild rose in a garden of American Beauties. Still he lives and thrives in a Democratic state.

After leaving the Senate, I went to the Governor's mansion to see Gov. Joe Robinson, who on Jan. 16th was congressman, on Jan. 18th was inaugurated governor, and on Jan. 20th was elected by the Legislature to the U. S. Senate. This is an honor no other man ever had conferred on him in this country. Going into the reception room and passing into the head clerk's office, I said, "Good morning, gentlemen, is the Governor in?" He said, "He is. What is your business with the Governor?" I said, "I have no business with the Governor whatever, but came all the way from Kansas City to shake hands with a man who has been congressman, governor and United States senator all in fifteen minutes." The clerk smiled and said, "You can see him." I opened the door and went into his private office and said, "Good morning, Governor, my name is M. E. Munsell; I came all the way from Kansas City to shake hands with you. I wanted the honor of shaking hands with a man who had been congressman, governor and United States senator all in a few days." I said to him, "I do not want any appointment, or job of any kind; I do not want to borrow any money or lend any, but just came in to shake hands with you." He got up and shook hands with me and asked me to be seated. He said, "I am sure I am glad to see you. It is very restful to see a man who does not want something." He showed me a stack of letters and said they were from correspondents who were looking for an appointment. Only one thing I regret, and that is I did not ask him to let me sit down in the Governor's chair for a pair of minutes.

Governor Joe Robinson was elected United States senator to succeed the late Jeff Davis, who also had a political record unsurpassed by any other man, being elected governor three times in succession, and he also had a political record in the Senate, as he was elected United States senator for two terms. Mr. Davis died on January 4th, 1913, just sixty days before his first term of office ex-

pired. Senator Davis' funeral was one of the largest ever held in the State of Arkansas. All streets and roads leading to the cemetery were blocked with people. Senator Davis lived in the hearts of the common people of Arkansas. This is the reason he was elected three times governor. The city papers fought him every time he was up for election. He was always for the common people—he would pay a poor man's taxes and tell him to pay when he could. He was said to have been a fine man in his family.

In order to let friends and relatives get into the cemetery, they had to guard all around to keep spectators away; it is estimated that two carloads of flowers were sent by loving friends to Senator Davis' funeral. A carload of roses alone came from all parts of the State of Arkansas. We all love to see flowers as a token of respect to the dead, but how nice it would be to have some of these roses in words of good cheer and kind deeds while we are living.

“A rose to the living,
Is more than a wreath to the dead.
In your garden are many roses,
Some are white and some are red;
I am really fond of roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead.”

We leave the Capitol City and wind our way on towards Hot Springs, fifty-three miles on the route. This is one of the most picturesque rides in all of our trip. We wind over the foot of the mountains and up the valleys, rich with fruitage and luxuriant in their riot of beautiful blossoms, with perfume as subtle and sweet as that of “Araby, the blest.” This is grand beyond description. The last twenty-one miles before we reach Hot Springs we find 104 curves. We are now rounding the 104th curve and in sight of Hot Springs. Some say this is Paradise, others, it is the end of the world. “Pon-tha-da-la-on” says it is “the fountain of Youth,” or youth renewed. Well, it may mean all of this, and it may not, but one thing is sure, it is a great place to see sick people on

crutches, in rolling chairs and in all kinds of invalid contrivances. You could be led to believe that all the sick and ailing people from all over the country were in Hot Springs.

The town is built in the shape of an hour glass. There is one main street between two high mountains, which is called Bathhouse Row, and there is one side business street opposite. This street is at the base of two big mountains. The largest part of the town is on each end of this street. It has several streets running in all directions, as well as the resident part of the place. Hot Springs was probably visited in 1541 by De Soto, who called it "Valley of Vapor." According to traditions, the curative properties of the springs were known to the Indians long before the advent of the Spaniards. There is a tale that the various tribes battled from time to time for control of the hot waters in which they believed the "Great Spirit" to be ever present, but that finally a truce was declared under which their benefits were extended to the sick of all tribes.

There are forty-six springs coming forth from the Hot Springs mountain. One peculiar thing about these springs is, that one side is cold water, and the other side is hot; the hottest spring is No. 29, and has a temperature of 147 degrees. They have all kinds of water from chemical analysis, magnesia, iron, arsenic water, etc. There are so many other kinds of water, that I haven't time to describe them. The source of the heat is believed by some to come from great masses of igneous rock, imbedded in the earth's crust by volcanic agencies. Deep seated waters, converted into vapors by contact with this heated mass, probably ascend through fissures toward the surface where they meet the cold springs, which are heated by the vapors. Others think it is heated by radium in the mountain. Radium is known to have great heating power. A piece of radium half as large as a pea would heat thousands of barrels of water to the boiling point, and the radium would not lose one atom of its power. An ounce of radium is worth thousands of dollars, and of the 30 grams in the world now extracted only 2 grams are in the United States. De Soto water

is claimed to cure as many diseases as any other water there.

There are 611 bath tubs in the 45 bath houses in this place. Last year, 1913, there were 750,000 baths given, and 200,000 free ones. The total receipts taken in for baths last year were \$220,277. A first-class up-to-date bath house, practically fire-proof, with every convenience and equipped with the very latest apparatus known to hydrotherapy, costs approximately \$125,000 to build and equip. The total number of attendants, employed by the bath houses during the year, are about 225. The total amount paid to attendants for services in the bath houses was \$95,742. This sum does not include tips nor presents received by them. This reservation, including the springs, mountains and all bath houses, are under the supervision of the Government. There are 32 employes, including the superintendent, required properly to maintain and care for the reservation interests. Their names, duties and compensation, together with the names of the states from which they are appointed, are shown in the table of report of 1912. At the present time there are 167 doctors. 150 are registered under the United States Government, and still, with this number of doctors, you find some people ailing. In fact, you would think they would all be sick with this array of doctors.

The resident population of Hot Springs is 16,000. It is estimated that there are 25,000 visitors at Hot Springs at this time of the year. There are churches of every denomination, public and private schools, hospitals and sanitariums, also all kinds of amusement places. We also find a race track and fair grounds. This is where the great National ball teams of the country come to practice. There are many hotels, the largest affording accommodations for 1000 guests. The Arlington Hotel, one of the best in the town, is the only one on the Government reservation. The elevation of the city is 600 feet, and that of the surrounding hills about 1200 feet above the level of the sea. Up "Happy Holler" is a great sight. I can't possibly describe it, but you might imagine you were on the Midway at the World's Fair. It is a great amusement place.

I met an old colored man, who drives a hack to the fish grounds, Islam Barberry, who is 83 years old. He was at one time an ordained Baptist preacher. In those days he was fishing for men; now-a-days he is fishing for a living. The river and fishing place are four miles from the town. I asked this old colored man, if it was a good place to fish. He said, "It sure am a good place to fish at," and I said, "Well, you say it is a good place to fish?" He replied, "It sure am." "Well," I said, "Can you catch any fish there?" He said, "Look here, Boss, I is no information bureau, but I do say it am a good place to fish. I furnish the hooks, lines and poles and a nice cushion seat to sit on under the shade of the trees, and I furnish these long, slick angle worms, the fat white grub worms and good calves' liver and good old red beef, and the latest bait that dem ar fish like. There is plenty of good water here and water is the home of the fish, and I do say this am a good place to fish at. Now I have furnished the place and de 'quipments and it is up to you to catch dem fish."

January 19, 1914, chronicled the passing of one of Hot Springs most quaint and interesting characters. Wyatt Toliver was born a slave in the Toliver family in Washington, D. C., in 1804, making him 110 years old at the time of his death. He was 50 years old when the Civil War broke out. He came to Hot Springs in 1876 with Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Lyman T. Hay's mother and father, Dr. Hay. When Mr. Hay came to the Arlington Hotel in 1893, he brought the old darkey with him and tenderly cared for him until he died, and also attended his funeral. It is a well-known fact, verified by a majority of the residents of Hot Springs, that not all of the inhabitants live to such a ripe old age.



WYATT TOLIVER, DIED JAN. 19, 1914, AGED 110 YEARS.

THE HOT SPRINGS CONFLAGRATION, SEPT. 5TH, 1913.

The fire started about 2 P. M., from a charcoal furnace used for heating flat irons in a one-story building on Church Street, and burnt until after 11 P. M., Sept. 5th. The woman was in a hurry and put some coal oil on it to hurry it up. It had the desired effect and she got through with her ironing sooner than she really expected. There had been no rain for seven weeks previous to this. The wind velocity was from thirty to forty miles per hour. It was a sight to see. The wind carried burnt shingles eight miles into the country. You could hear it roar for miles. It swept onward in great leaps and bounds. The blaze jumped three and a half blocks and set the Mooney Hotel on fire, and the people were terribly frightened, and everybody was in a fever of suspense, as the wind changed several times during the afternoon. The burnt district was in the form of a letter S. There were 133 acres burned over, seven-eighths mile long, three-eighths mile wide; 83 brick buildings, 12 brick veneer, 423 frame buildings, among which were some very fine structures. The electric light plant cost \$236,000 (new plant to cost \$350,000); the Park Hotel, \$500,000; the Ozark Sanitarium, \$60,000; High School building, \$175,000, supposed to be fire proof; Methodist Church, \$92,000; Presbyterian Church, old church—the Sunday before the fire the M. E. Church had burnt their mortgage and notes on the church—both churches were well insured; the Mooney Hotel, \$125,000; some fine apartment buildings and several good dwellings. The court house was damaged about \$40,000. There were 74 insurance companies represented in this great fire—estimated loss, \$6,000,000; insurance, \$3,000,000.

It is wonderful how fast we do things these days. The Hot Springs Electric Light Co. wired to Albuquerque, N. M., and had a supplementary plant over 100 miles on the road before their plant was one-half burnt down. This supplementary plant was ready crated for emergency cases like this. The express on same was a little

over \$1200. The company had light burning in six days and cars running in twelve days. This emergency plant will be crated for other cases like this when they are through with it here.

This fire will be a benefit to Hot Springs in the end, as it is rebuilding very fast with a much better class of buildings. The buildings which burned were valued from \$600,000 down, mostly down.

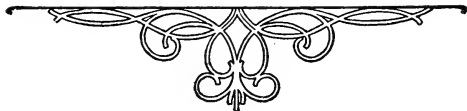
I'd like to take you up the mountain before leaving Hot Springs. The mountain is about one-fourth mile high, if you could go straight up, but two miles, the way you are compelled to go. When you get up there, they have a tower 165 feet high, and from this you can see sixty miles on a clear day. Now I must come down from this lofty height, as my train leaves for Kansas City at 12:45.

My dear little Niece, I hope you will enjoy this letter, and when I get more time, I will write you a longer one. I hope you will keep it until you are old enough to read it for yourself, also that you may grow up to be a lovely Christian woman. Goodbye.

From your uncle,

M. E. MUNSELL,

Kansas City, Mo.



Don't holler down the well
About the goods you have to sell.
If you want to coin the silver dollar,
Just climb a tree and begin to holler.

I don't want you to climb a tree and holler,
About the book I have to sell,
But this to your friends I want you to tell
And help me to gather some "good old yellow."

Please send me four bits or a silver $\frac{1}{2}$ \$,
And for same they'll receive in very
short time,
A splendid book and much worth while,
Which will cause them to think as well as
to smile.

Just tell of the sunshine along the rail,
Where the flying sparks leave a shining trail—
This is the book I have for sale,
Compiled by myself and told as a tale.

I so much need their silver $\frac{1}{2}$ \$,
So won't you please tell them the coin to send,
And then I'll have some money to spend,
And won't have to climb a tree to make a holler.



"THE CONDUCTOR" AND PASSENGERS.

REFLECTIONS OF A PULLMAN CONDUCTOR.

Tickets, please! Hot Springs? We are due there at 3:20 tomorrow afternoon.

Tickets, please! Ft. Smith? Due there 7:25 tomorrow morning; we take a diner on there.

Tickets! Little Rock? Due there at 1:05 tomorrow afternoon.

"Can you tell me, Conductor, what time I can get a train from there to New York via St. Louis and Chicago?"

"Yes, lady, the train leaves for St. Louis at 2:45; you arrive in St. Louis 12 o'clock midnight. You can get out of there to Chicago at 4:15 A. M. and you can get out of Chicago on the fast New York Central at 12:40 and arrive in New York at 9:40 the following morning."

"Conductor, can you please tell me what time I can get one of those fast passenger steamers on the Hamburg-American Line to Liverpool?"

"Yes, lady, you can leave New York from the Main Dock on the Imperator at 10 A. M. on the 16th."

"Conductor, you have been so kind; now is there any way by which you can tell me what time I will arrive at Liverpool?"

"Well, now, that depends a good deal on the weather. We have quit running sleepers over there as they didn't seem to pay the company, and for that reason I am a bit hazy on that proposition. That is rather a watery route, you know, and we Pullman conductors are 'land lubbers.'"

Tickets! Russellville? Due there at 10.47 tomorrow A. M.

"Can you tell me, please, what time the Russellville & Dardanelle road, which makes connections with the Pontoon Hack Line, arrives at Russellville?"

"Now, lady, it has no schedule, but it has all the time there is and they make one round trip a day whenever they get a load, so we are always sure to make connections."

Is this train generally on time? Sure thing. This train

119 is invariably on time (except when it is late). The traveling public appreciates this information, especially the ladies.

Just a common man, as a Pullman conductor serving the people, taking up tickets, collecting fares, etc. A conductor is supposed to know everything anybody wants to know, to give information of all kinds. If the train stops, why did it stop; it is his duty to find out how long it is going to stop. Does he think they will miss connections because of the delay, and so on ad finitum, until it is with a sigh of relief he hears the clanging bell and escaping steam and the train is under way again. Several of the passengers may have important engagements, you know, and they must know exactly how long they are going to be delayed.

A conductor has to know all train connections all over the country from Maine to California; when the train arrives and when it leaves. He must know every station and every road, and all of the towns so he can inform all interested, as well as disinterested, passengers, when they can expect to pass through the delightful little village of "Squodunk," and what are the main attractions of "Possum Hollow." If a passenger misses his connections, he must feel so sorry and be very serious about it, so he will appear honestly sympathetic and in earnest.

He must always have a smile and know every one on the road, as well as everything else in life, and be especially nice to all the women and children and old people, and pleasant to everybody.

There is always somebody who has to be too late to catch the train. If the train was an hour late, some one would just barely catch it—always someone late. A man generally catches the rear end and comes on through the diner into the sleeper. We had a man and wife who did just catch the rear end and come on through the dining car into the sleeper. The wife weighed 175 lbs. and she collapsed in the seat and we had to get a pillow and ice water and revive her. The man carried two grips and was in about as bad shape as she, but he could not collapse at the same time. We finally got them fixed up

and they went into the diner and seemed to get along all right, and didn't seem to be any the worse for wear. Somebody has to be left, and it might as well have been that couple as any one else.

Lots of funny things happen on a Pullman car. We had a man on one trip who had rheumatism and was going to the Springs on crutches. He had lower "11." I noticed he seemed to be worried during the day, and so as I passed, he said, "Conductor (it was his first time in a Pullman; we can always tell them), are these things made for two or one to sleep in?" I said, "Two, sure thing." That was all he said for a while. Some time afterward, as I came back, he was telling me how his rheumatism hurt him, and then he said, "Conductor, if you put anybody in with me, I wish you would put some one who does not snore or kick around so, because my rheumatism hurts so bad." I said, "My dear man, this is all yours." I wanted to reassure him, and that was all right and he was tickled to death and was very well pleased, because he had thought he would have to sleep with some one.

We can always tell as soon as a passenger gets on whether he has ever been in a Pullman berth before. We all have to ride the first time in a Pullman car. I remember the first time I rode in a Pullman car. The ceiling seemed so low and the berth so narrow, I was afraid to turn over lest I find myself in the aisle, and I was very sure the upper berth was going to come down on top of me. Of course, if a passenger has never ridden in a Pullman car, everything is strange, and some people don't know how to turn out a light. The other night a woman called to me after she had retired and said, "I wish you would tell me how to put out this light," so I showed her. You know everybody has to learn to do things. It is easy enough to do a thing after you know how, but everybody has to learn how the first time.

I was talking to a man on the train, a very smart man, very intelligent, and quite an entertainer. I was telling him about my experiences on the Pullman, about people who did not know how to turn out a light, etc.

He said, "Some people have to learn to do everything. Now I have learned how to make a million dollars. Easiest thing in the world, if you know how. I will tell you how." So he started in to tell me, and he told me everything and I could actually see that million dollars in my hand, and he had me so worked up, I was really riding in a 17-cylinder touring car, had a summer home in the North, and was taking a trip around the world.

Everything was just running along fine, when the porter came down the aisle and said, "This is Russellville; you get off at Russellville." I said "I am sorry, I would like to hear more about this million dollar deal." I had really gotten so close to that million dollars, and yet so far, when the porter said, "This is Russellville," do you know, the cold sweat was running down my back in little icicles, and it took me about an hour to warm up. Afterward I went into the diner and ordered a 25c steak. Just think of it! If that man had stayed on to the next town, which was Morrillton, instead of having a 25c steak I would have been eating a \$2.50 porterhouse.

It was just like it was when, as a boy, you would lie out on the grass some lazy, summer afternoon, watching the big, white thunderheads as they took shape and form, changing from castle to crag and back again; or as great dream ships they floated across the cerulean dome, convoyed by caravels of fleecy clouds, which trailed away from every side, and, suddenly, you were recalled to earth by the voice of your mother, bidding you to get the chores done. We are all day dreamers; all have our visions; the "end of the rainbow" is always just beyond, so,

"We'll build one castle more in Spain,
And drink it in the rose-leaf rain."

And the Pullman car ghosts! After the lights are turned low, strange forms seem to glide in and out among the shadows, waving eerie arms, rising and falling with the swaying of the on-rushing train, like the wraith of forgotten dreams, flitting across the sense-wearied brain

Sometimes these ghosts are airy, fairy, like the little folk "under the greenwood tree," and again they are real and fantastic, as, for instance, a big fat man in pajamas, stealthily slipping down the aisle.

Every Pullman conductor has a fund of pleasantries with which he can beguile the passing hours, and cause "the smile which shortens many a weary mile."

Uncle Joshua and Aunt Maria were taking their first trip in a Pullman car and occupied "lower 10." After the passengers had retired, there was a disturbance in the berth, occupied by these simple minded folk. Uncle Joshua had discovered a pain somewhere between his shoulder blade and solar plexus, and Aunt Maria hastened to his relief. Noiselessly she tip-toed down the aisle to the dressing room, found the hot water, made a generous-sized mustard plaster and returned. In the meanwhile Uncle Joshua had forgotten his pain and was fast asleep, but the dear old woman, intent on her errand of mercy clapped the plaster on his breast, as she supposed, adjusted things in and around their berth, and she, too was soon fast asleep. Suddenly something happened in the adjoining berth, and a roar like that of an angry lion filled the car. The porter rushed in and an excited man called out to know what he had put on his breast; he was burning up. The porter denied the accusation; the man insisted there was something there, and investigation proved he was right.

Quiet was restored and peace hovered over the car until morning. When Uncle Joshua awoke, he said, "Maria, why didn't you put that mustard plaster on my chest as you said you would?" You know the sequel.

At another time, Mary told John she wanted a drink of water, but was afraid she would not know their berth if she once left it, so it was arranged that John should stick his foot out between the curtains. So far so good, but to Mary's consternation, every berth seemed to have a foot sticking out like a sign board. It required the combined efforts of the porter, conductor and Mary to discover which was "the" right foot, but soon all was serene

and Mary and John were fast "locked in the arms of Morpheus."

Again, a woman on my car, in order to determine which was her berth, pinned her handkerchief to the curtain and went after a glass of water. The car swayed violently and the kerchief fluttered to the floor. I chanced along just then, picked it up and pinned it to a curtain innocent of any wrong intent. Suddenly I heard an awful commotion and a woman's scream. Upon rushing up, I discovered my fair passenger had entered the wrong berth in consequence of my having changed the handkerchief. I pacified her as best I could, saying, "Madam, there is a man in that berth," a fact only too painfully evident to the horrified lady.

One time a lady rushed into the car and said, "Have you a lower?" "I am sorry, lady, but the lowers are all gone." She said, "Pshaw!" I said, "I have plenty of lovely uppers," whereupon she replied, "I never slept in one of your so-called 'lovely uppers' in my life; I will set up first." She asked, "What is the matter with this lower 7?" "Nothing the matter with that," I replied, "it is all right." "Why can't I have that, then?" "You could, but a man has that." She exclaimed, "Oh!"

I said, "Now these uppers we have in this car are so constructed, they have the automatic, self-ventilated springs and mattress, which the lowers do not have; and another thing about these uppers, the peculiar construction of them permits the circulation of the fresh air which, when laden with the ozone breezes, circulating through these springs, makes a person dream of schoolboy, or girl days. Another thing, an upper berth makes you feel like you used to when, as a little girl, you were rocked in your mother's arms to the swinging motion of her low-crooned lullaby, and you slept the sleep of the just.

"I had a schoolteacher, who, after arguing with her for a while, finally took an upper, and she was to get off at 7:25 o'clock in the morning at Ft. Smith. I asked her what time I should have the porter call her, and how much time she wanted to get ready, and she said I need not call her, for she knew she couldn't sleep any, so I needn't call

her. But I made a call for her by the porter just the same for 6:15. When I got up next morning, I asked the porter if he had called upper 7, and he said he did, but he said that woman was the hardest person to wake he ever saw. Said, 'Cap, I could hardly wake her.' So I said to the lady, 'How did you rest?' She said, 'Rest! I never slept so in my life. I slept soundly all night. When I travel hereafter, I shall always take an upper.'

This lady says, "Well, if this upper is what you say it is, I will try it once. What is an upper to Little Rock?" "\$2.40," I replied. "What is a lower to Little Rock?" I said "\$3.00." She said, "Here is \$3.00; if it is what you say it is, it is certainly worth as much as a lower." As she paid me and started to go, she said, "How is it if these uppers are of this kind that the Pullman Co. does not make all uppers?" "Well," I said, "They have been thinking about it; the Construction Committee had this under consideration, but the trouble is there are a great many old people, cripples and invalids who ride in the Pullmans, who could not get into an upper, so they have about decided, I believe, still to manufacture the cars as they are. I always prefer an upper myself, as well as all the conductors in the Pullman service. We feel that the conductor should sleep where it is most helpful and restful, and the upper berth, being open at the top, affords easy access to the ozone-laden air which comes rushing in through the Garland ventilators in the top of the car. He not only gets the pure, fresh air of the dewy night, but catches the first whiff of the sweet, cool life-giving draught of the early morning breezes. After sleeping in this invigorating atmosphere, the conductor is not only pleasant and affable with his passengers during the day, but feels he has really had a rest. There are other reasons for the conductor sleeping in an upper, but this is surely evidence enough for any jury of twelve intelligent men."

A man got on our car who held Pullman tickets for the drawing room car for his wife and two little folks. They were going to Kansas City. Calling the porter to him, he said, "George, I want you to take good care of my wife and children, and when you get to Kansas City my wife will give you a piece of money." As he talked,

he drew from a well-filled wallet a \$1.00 bill and proceeded to tear off about one-third of it, which he gave to George, saying, "Now, George, if you do what is right, when you get to Kansas City my wife will give you the other piece." Truly, "useless each without the other."

And sometimes we have hysterical people aboard. One night we had such a woman in "lower six," and her groans and grunts so filled the car it was impossible for any one else to sleep. Finally, a man in "lower 10" called me to him and said, "Cap, if you can put me in a berth near the lady in distress, I believe I can soon cure her." I replied, "I guess I can fix that O. K.," and "lower 7" being agreeable, a transfer was soon made.

Soon a groan emanated from "lower 6," which was immediately answered by one a little louder from "lower 7." Then another from "lower 6" called forth a still louder one from the man across the aisle. For a little while the war of groans and grunts was waged, those of "lower 7" always exceeding in volume those from "lower 6." The lady in "lower 6," finding herself outgeneraled, at last subsided and the noise of battle died away. The man in "lower 7" and the one in "lower 10" once more exchanged berths, and "all was quiet along the Potomac" for the rest of that night.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! The porter answers the bell and comes to me. "Say, Cap, the lady in lower 6 says it is too cool." "See what your temperature is." "66." "Well, turn on the heat a little more on that side." Ting-a-ling-a-ling! The bell rings once more. The porter says, "Lower 2 says it is too hot." "Well, turn on the fan on that side."

As a rule, a man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cool, he wants it hot;
Always wanting what is not.

It is quite a proposition to keep the temperature to suit everybody; some want it hot and some cold. It's

your duty to suit everybody; that's what you draw your salary for, giving service, and that is the paramount issue in the official career of a Pullman conductor.

You should study the temperature of your car, also the openings and ventilators in your car, and when a door or window is open, note the effect it has on the thermometer. Then, a good conductor should, as far as possible, ascertain the temperament of his passengers. You have to use a good deal of discretion in this, as well as a good deal of judgment, diplomacy and common sense. You should learn to be a good judge of human nature so you can almost tell by looking at a person how much heat or cold he can stand, or require. It takes a good many years of experience to develop this faculty.

When the wind blows hard and cold from the north, you should always so regulate the heat in your car so that the passengers in the berths on the wind side have just the right temperature, and the ones on the warm south side are not too hot.

A porter on a Pullman car is a very essential article; in fact, a Pullman without a porter is a poorly equipped car for service. There are several different kinds of porters—a tall porter, a fat porter, a light and dark porter. Some porters are poor porters, and some are good porters. A good porter is to be desired by any conductor and the traveling public. A good porter is a porter who is ready at all times to see the wants of the passengers. In fact, keeps his ears and eyes open to hear the slightest tinkle of the bell. A good porter never sleeps on duty. There are some few of this kind.

Were you ever in a wreck? Well, now, you should get in a wreck once to experience the most peculiar sensations you ever felt. We were coming up one trip and were sailing along anywhere from 50 to 100 miles an hour, more or less. I was in "lower 1," sound asleep, dreaming of that million dollars, the same that man was telling me about, when, bumpteyp bump, crash, crash, and we were on the ties and our car was standing tipped at an angle of 25 degrees. I got up and dressed hurriedly and looked out of the door, and such a sight! Cars were

standing criss cross, lengthwise and every other wise until the whole resembled the intricate pieces of a Chinese puzzle, or a dissected map of the United States.

If you want to see something awful, get into one of these wrecks and see how you feel. The old saying is, "Everybody gets off at Buffalo (New York)," but in this instance we had just passed Buffalo, Kansas, when we were ditched, and we all "got off at Buffalo." I came back and said, "I guess, people, you better get up; there is a wreck ahead." One man said, "It sounds to me like there's a wreck at this end, too." They all got up and dressed and went out and surveyed the wreck, and then returned and some of them went to bed in the car until the relief came. It is a miracle how few people get hurt in a wreck like this. There was nobody seriously injured at all; some had a few bruises and little scratches, etc., which made some of them nervous for a while. After a while the relief train came from Yates Center, turned us around on the Y and headed us for Kansas City, six hours late.

Very seldom is anyone hurt who rides in a Pullman, for a Pullman car is the safest place in a train to ride. It is a cheap accident policy. Without knowing positively, I would say that less than 2% of all the people hurt in wrecks are hurt in the Pullman car. Whenever you travel, be sure to ride in a Pullman car for safety and ease.

Of course we have lots of people on the car who are very inquisitive and who want to know many things, and we are very careful to try and please all of them, and tell them we will find out. Maybe we can, and maybe we can't.

A Pullman car is a fine place to study human nature and become familiar with the various types of character which make up the warp and woof of the fabric of our social and commercial life. Man is cosmopolitan as well as metropolitan, migratory as well as stationary, and as he journeys to and fro, gives and takes alike, depicting life in all its phases and under all conditions.

A conductor always wonders who his passengers are,

where they are going, and what is their business, and after a few months experience and close observation, can pretty generally size a person up correctly, and render a fair opinion as to the character, habits, etc., of those on his car. What stories the faces tell, and mysteries the hearts conceal! There are smiling lips, the while the tears lie close to falling from eyes by sorrow dimmed. There is careless laughter and light badinage from hearts, bowing down under burdens they are heavily bearing. Truly, every day in a Pullman is a human kaleidoscope, with its quickly changing scenes and colorings. One turn, and we catch glimpses of gay and happy hearted folk, on pleasure bent. Another, and there slowly resolves, out of the riot of color, the figure of the cross, a weeping one, bearing his "pitcher of tears." We never can tell what the panorama may be, as Father Time turns the glass.

After all, it is very pleasant on and off a Pullman. You meet lots of nice people. Everybody seems to be nice who rides in a Pullman. So there is always a sunny side to life and our days are full of varied experiences. These facts may be a little overdrawn, but in the main are correct.



Good friend, a deed of kindness you can do,
For a poor old Pullman conductor.
If the book I've written, while flying down the rail,
Should meet your fancy,
Just tell your friends what I have for sale
About flying sparks down the iron trail.
All I want is for you to tell your friend,
If 4 bits, or silver $\frac{1}{2}$ \$ he'll send,
For it, by return parcel post will come
A book of history, funny sayings, then some,
All splendid reading I can recommend.

CONUNDRUMS.



Why is Ancient History called the Dark Ages? Because there are so many (k) nights.

Pat was almost run over by an automobile. He just got out of the road when a pop-pop machine ran over him. He got up and said, "By gory, I did not know the thing had a colt."

Do you know why they never hang a man with a wooden leg in Arkansas? Because they hang him with a rope.

We have a cherry tree in our front yard which always is full of cherries. Do you know what we do with them? We eat all we can, and can all we can't.

Why do girls kiss each other and men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss and men have.

If a man got upon a donkey, where would he get down? From a swan's breast.

Why are oysters the best food for dyspeptics? Because they die-just (digest) before they eat them.

When does lettuce blush? When it sees the salad dressing.

When does the window pane blush? When it sees the weather strip.

What chasm often separates friends? Sarcasm.

Do you know how often they hang a man in Arkansas? One once.

When do the leaves turn red in the face? When they see the bare limbs.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

What Queen Mary had before, Poor William had behind—poor thing! What Queen Ann never had at all—poor thing! The letter M.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison. One cannot see to go and the other cannot go to sea.

Why does a baby boy always receive a hearty welcome in the family? Because it never comes a-miss.

Which is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

How many weeks belong to this year? Forty-six; the other six are only lent (Lent).

When is an altered dress like a secret? When it is let out.

How were Adam and Eve kept from gambling? Their pair o'dice (Paradise) was taken away from them.

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? Dust.

Why should a man, named Ben, marry a girl, called Anne? Because he would be Benny-fitted, and she Anne-mated.

What is that which everyone wishes for and yet tries to get rid of? A good appetite.

What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pears (pairs).

What is smaller than a gnat's mouth? What it puts in it.

Know what is smaller than this? A baby gnat's mouth.

The Englishmen come over to our country to win our American girls for their wives. I think the English girls are so nice, fine looking, plump forms, rosy cheeks and sweet to look upon, and the American girls are sal-low, slim and skinny. Yes, but the Englishmen like their greenbacks.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

Is your father at home? He is down with the hogs. You will know him. He has a hat on.

Truthfulness and success are boon companions, and he who would succeed must make honor his bosom friend.

Why is an old man easy to rob? Because his gate (gait) is broken, and his locks are few.

Why are the manufacturers of steel pens a menace to good government? Because they make you steel pens and say you do right.

How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine laws? Jonah was a stranger and he took him in.

When were salt provisions first introduced into the Navy? When Noah took Ham into the ark.

Why do railway men always speak of a locomotive as "she"? Because it suggests tender thoughts and draws men after it.

Why is a thief called a jail bird? Because he has been a robin (robbin').

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down and strikes two or three.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

Why should a horse never get hungry on his journey? Because he always has a bit in his mouth.

What word, if you take away the first letter, will make you sick? Music.

Why is a baby like wheat? It is first cradled and then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

What is it that Adam never saw and never possessed, and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it does not run long without winding.

The definition of money: A universal passport to every place except Heaven. A universal provider for everything except happiness and health. It produces the one and promotes the other.

Why is a young lady like a promissory note? She ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? The multiplication table.

Which travels at greatest speed, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch a cold.

Why are real friends like ghosts? They are often heard of, but seldom seen.

Why is a violin, or fiddle, like a bank? A violin never gives its note back, a bank does (sometimes).

Why is my cup of tea stronger than yours? Because it is all my tea (almighty).

What vegetable, or fruit products, are most important in history? Dates.

What is always at the head of fashion, yet always out of date? The letter F.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because without a tail it is nothing.

What is that you can keep after giving to some one else? Your word.

What flowers are there between a lady's nose and chin? Two lips (Tulips).

What is that a cat has which no other animal has? Kittens.

What was the first bet ever made? The alphabet.

Why was Noah the greatest financier on record? Because he kept his company (limited) afloat, when the rest of the world was in liquidation.

What did Adam and Eve do, when they were expelled from Eden? They raised Cain.

When is a dog's tail like a toll gate? When it stops a waggin' (wagon).

What is a green dooryard, covered with snow? Invisible green.

What is the best thing to make in a hurry? Haste.

What is invisible blue? A policeman when you want him.

How many peas are there in a pint? One P.

Why was Moses the most wicked man who ever lived? Because he broke all the commandments at once.

Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man? Because it is in firm.

When is a cherry like a book? When it is re(a)d.

Where was Adam going in his 39th year? Into his 40th.

To what age do young ladies wish to attain? Marriage.

When is a watermelon like a book? It is not red until it is opened, neither is a book.

Why is a barber and a baby alike? Because they are both shavers—one a little shaver and the other a big shaver.

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith shop? Because it contains fowl in pieces.

What is that you and every other person has seen, but can never see again? Yesterday.

What did Adam first set in the garden of Eden? His foot.

Who may marry many wives and yet live single all his life? A clergyman.

What man had no father? Joshua, the son of Nun.

Why is a new born babe like a donkey's tail? Because it was never seen before.

Which is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week days.

Why is a horse a curious feeder? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.



A bit of verse,
A well told tale,
All in this book
I have for sale.

A piece of coin,
Worth fifty cents,
If sent to me,
Brings recompense.

Send it right now,
Delay won't pay;
You'll wish you had,
Some other day.

GEMS FROM MARCUS AURELIUS.

If it is not right, do not do it; but if not true, do not say it.

God sees the minds of all men, bared of the material vesture and rind and impurities.

It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.

Consider thyself to be dead, and to have completed thy life up to the present time; and live according to nature the remainder which is allowed thee.

Adorn thyself with simplicity and modesty and with indifference towards the things which lie between virtue and vice. Love mankind. Follow God.

Wipe out thy imaginations by often saying to thyself: now it is in my power to let no badness be in this soul, nor desire nor any perturbation at all; but, looking at all things, I see what is their nature, and I use each according to its value.—Remember this power which thou hast from nature.

He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee: "Never has wronged a man in deed or word."

I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others. If then a god or a wise teacher should present himself to a man and bid him to think of nothing and to design nothing which he could not express as soon as he conceived it, he could not endure it even for a single day. So much more respect have we to what our neighbors shall think of us than to what we shall think of ourselves.

How unsound and insincere is he who says, I have determined to deal with thee in a fair way.—What art thou doing, man? There is no occasion to give this notice. It will soon show itself by acts.

Though thou shouldest be going to live three thousand years, and as many times ten thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses.

No longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such.

If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, anything better than thy own mind's self-satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best.

How many troubles he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

When another blames thee or hates thee, or what men say about thee anything injurious, approach their poor souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou discoverest that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee. However, thou must be well disposed towards them, for by nature they are friends.

Accustom thyself to attend carefully to what is said by another, and as much as it is possible, be in the speaker's mind.

That which is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee.

It is not fit that I should give myself pain, for I have never intentionally given pain, even to another.

Nothing should be done without a purpose.

Attend to the matter which is before thee, whether it is an opinion or an act or a word.



SYNOPSIS OF POETRY.



LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

AS I WALKED BY MYSELF.

THINK OF ME LONG.

EVER BEEN THERE?

THE OUTCAST.

A RAILROAD CASIBIANCA.

MARY'S SKIRT.

OH MERCY, PATRICIA.

KNOCK OUT THE BEEF TRUST.

THERE IS LOVE THAT STIRS THE HEART.

I HAD A HEART THAT WAS TRUE.

THE INNER SIDE OF EVERY CLOUD.

JOLLY THE FELLOW THAT'S DOWN TODAY.

AS A RULE A MAN'S A FOOL.

THIS 'ERE WORLD WE'RE LIVING IN.

THE MODERN PULLMAN CAR.

A NEW CHANCE.

WON'T BE AFFECTED.

I KNOW NOT.

SO IT IS, MY DEAR.

WHEREVER BROTHER HANDS ARE CLASPED.

ROSES.

THINGS DON'T SEEM TO PAN OUT RIGHT.

TALK ABOUT YOUR DINING CAR GRUB.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

A TRAVELING MAN AT THE GATE.

TELL HER SO.

IN A PULLMAN CAR.

IN YOUR GARDEN ARE MANY ROSES.

I CONFESS I MUST GRIEVE.

THE WORLD IS DEAD WITHOUT HAPPINESS.

NO RETURN TICKET.

MY COUNTRY (PARISIAN).

A DEGENERATE TRAINMAN.

TO HAVE NO CHRIST.

TO BE LIVING IS SUBLIME.

THE CANARY.

SHUN EVIL COMPANIONS.

I HAVE HEARD OF A LAND.

OH, SHUCKS!

I WOULD BE TRUE.

EARTHLY BLISS.

THIS WORLD IS A GAME OF CHANCE.

JUST FOR TODAY.

REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY.

PRETTY SOON.

SUCH A PRUDE.

I LIKE TO SLEEP IN A PULLMAN CAR.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

A JOLLY BIRD IS THE PELICAN.

KEEP A GOIN'.

A SLEEPER IS ONE WHO SLEEPS.

A TURKISH BATH IS JUST THE THING.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRANSLATION OF THE
TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

KEEP MOVING.

HOME WORK.

THERE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER.

A MAXIM REVISED.

GOL DARN THAT MAN, SAID DEACON BROWN

IF NOT, WHY NOT.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
You must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor,
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty—never fail,
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

You will always find obstructions,
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a fill, or curve or trestle,
They will almost ditch your train.
Put your trust alone in Jesus
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide.
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God, the Father, God, the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit,
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home!"
—Unknown.

As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
Myself says thus to me—
Beware, take care of thyself,
For no one cares for thee.

Think of me long, and think of me ever.
And think of the fun we've had together.

EVER BEEN THERE?

Voice (up stairs). John, have you locked the front door?

Yes.

Put the cat out?

Yes.

Have you wound the clock?

Yes.

Have you been down in the cellar to smell for gas?

Yes.

Have you taken care of the furnace?

Yes.

Have you covered the bird cage?

Yes.

Have you brought in the hammock?

Yes.

Have you looked under the davenport for burglars?

Yes.

Have you put the milk bottles out?

Yes.

Have you fastened all the windows?

Yes.

Have you fixed the ice water?

Yes.

Well, then, why don't you come to bed? What have you been doing all the time anyway?

—Unknown.

I luf to luf ven all de luf ain't on von side.

THE OUTCAST.

The cow punchers who used to chase
 The steer across the range,
 Have scattered now to many a place,
 And foller callin's strange;
 Tex Jones now runs a dry goods store,
 And Pecos Smith a bank;
 A sailor on some distant shore
 Is our pal, Lefty Hank.
 Missoo is selling autos now,
 And Antelope tends bar;
 And I alone still punch the cow
 While gleams the evening star;
 But one we never speak of, lest
 We shed a bitter tear,
 Three-fingered Jones his life has messed—
 He is a pulpiter.

—Arthur Chapman.

R. R. CASIBIANCA.

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
He stepped right off the track
And let the train go by—
A mighty smart boy was he.

I don't care, I don't think it is nice; he's gone into the kitchen to see the salad dressing.

MARY'S SKIRT.

Mary had a little skirt
And it was built so tight,
She had to hire a chambermaid
To peel it off at night.
They had to carry her around
And lean her against the wall,
Because the skirt was so closely fit
She could not walk at all.
She ate her meals from off a shelf,
Because she dared not sit
Down in a chair like other folks
For fear her skirt would split.
But Mary didn't kick at all,
It was just as she'd wish;
She couldn't help around the house
Or wash or wipe a dish.

—Seattle Sun.

OH, MERCY, PATRICIA!

Backward, turn backward, Old Time, in your flight! Give us a girl whose skirts are not so tight; give us a girl whose charms, many or few, are not exposed by too much peek-a-boo; give us a girl, no matter what age, who won't use the street for a vaudeville stage; give us a girl not too sharply in view; dress her in skirts the sun cannot shine through. And give us the dances of days gone by, with plenty of clothes and steps not so high; put turkey-trot capers and buttermilk slides, hurdy-gurdy twists and wiggle-tail glides and any other such bunny hugs all on a level as products of hell, inspired by the devil; and let us feast our optics once more on the pure, sweet woman of the days of yore. Yes, Time, turn backward and grant our request for God's richest blessing, but not undressed.—The Roller Monthly.

And if the new tariff doesn't knock out the beef trust, it will probably be attributed to a bull in its construction, or maybe a wrong steer.

—Stuttgart Arkansawyer.

There is love that stirs the heart,
There is love that gives it rest;
But the love that lifts men upward
Is the noblest and the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

I had a heart that was true,
It has left me and gone to you.
So care for it as I have done,
As you have two and I have none.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I, therefore, turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

All I wants, I vant is luff.

Jolly the fellow that is down today,
Give him a smile for his sorrow,
For this world has a funny way—
We all may be down tomorrow.

As a rule, a man is a fool;
When it's hot, he wants it cool,
And when it's cool, he wants it hot,
He's always wanting what is not.

This 'ere world we're livin' in,
Is purty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose;
But ain't the roses sweet?

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE MODERN PULLMAN CAR.

A flame of light down the shining rail,
Cutting the night with its ribs of steel,
Leaving a path like a wandering star,
Goes the modern Pullman car.

Polished woodwork and curtains of plush,
Carpeted aisles to deaden the rush
Of hurrying feet, and break the jar,
In the modern Pullman car.

Couches of comfort, with beds of ease,
Happy go-lucky, do as you please,
Coming and going, both near and far,
On the modern Pullman car.

Service the best by the men who know
The needs of their patrons, high and low,
Alert and willing to treat you fair,
On the modern Pullman car.

So, whenever you may travel abroad,
No matter what be your choice of road,
Take life easy and avoid the jar,
On the modern Pullman car.

—B. T.

I always like to ride in a Pullman car,
For accidents you never take a heed,
For you can ride to your journey's end
In a Pullman car, never worry about the speed;
You fly over the ground in a Pullman car,
And always feel at ease.

—M. E. M.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance
given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—
this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day
offers to you.

WON'T BE AFFECTED.

If your money you'll save,
If you'll try to behave,
You can face new laws with a grin;
But just bet all you've got
That the Tariff will not
Cut into the Wages of Sin.

—Unknown.

Whether thou lovest me,
 I know not;
 Thou knowest it; I only know I die
 Where thou art not.

—Unknown.

So it is, my dear,
 All such things touch secret strings,
 For heavy hearts to hear;
 So it is, my dear. —Rossetti.

Wherever brother hands are clasped and tight,
 Resolved to battle for the trampled right,
 There is thy sacrament for which search;
 There is thy altar, there thy holy church.

R O S E S .

This world is full of roses,
 And the stems are full of thorns;
 The roses are so very fragrant,
 That we 'most forget the thorns.

This world is full of roses,
 And the roses full of love;
 So the world is full of lovers,
 And the lovers full of love.

This world is full of roses;
 The roses full of Heavenly love;
 Why not love the gracious Giver
 Of the roses loved so well? —M. E. M.

Things don't seem to pan out right,
 When you're away;
 Just living days and sleeping night,
 When you're away.

I used to think I didn't care,
 When you went away, or where,
 But, say! Years go by now every day,
 When you're away. —M. L. L.

Talk about your dining car grub,
 And all your rich cafes;
 But give me my mother's good old country grub,
 About three squares per day. —M. E. M.

Again we meet after many years,
Our muskets put away;
In gladness now instead of tears—
We're one—the Blue and the Gray.

No strife or envy now we find,
'Tis gone in every way,
A Union built to firmly bind
The Blue and the Gray.

In union of heart, soul and mind
All people now must pray,
For this is the burden you will find
With the Blue and the Gray.

Now, we soldiers, one and all,
We're marching to that day,
When we must answer to the call—
The Blue and the Gray.

And when the bugle gives the sound,
All fear is chased away;
Each one in Christ now is found—
The Blue and the Gray.

Some guardian angel we cannot see,
Will waft the soul away;
To realms above, forever free—
The Blue and the Gray.

—Unknown.

A traveling man stood before Heaven's gate,
His grave clothes damp with the chill night dew,
And wearily waited to know his fate,
While St. Peter rummaged his ledger through.

At last the old credit man closed his book
With a slam which rustled his whiskers gray;
And giving the drummer a freezing look,
Said, "Nothing today, nothing today."

—W. O. W.

But if the oldest friends are best indeed,
I'd have the proverb otherwise expressed;
Friends are not best because they're merely old,
But only old because they proved the best.

—Unknown.

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which the seal is set;
She's of life's sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles same as you;
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it, dreaming or awake—
Don't conceal it! For her sake
Tell her so!

Don't act as if she had passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime;
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress,
A hundred fold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers were made to bless—
Tell her so!

You are hers and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold—
Tell her so!

—Unknown.

Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

A PULLMAN CAR.

On the road, day after day,
What can drive dull care away?
Or can bring a ray of cheer
To a lonely traveler here
With our loved ones distant far?
Nothing like a Pullman car.

Life is but a journey here,
Sometimes joyous, sometimes drear,
Sometimes grave and sometimes gay—
Changing with each passing day;
But He who knoweth what is best,
Hath promised, "I will give you rest."

Time, like the train, is moving on,
A moment here and then is gone;
To enjoy each passing scene
Trust in the lowly Nazarene;
Our life will then be filled with love;
A Pullman here and Heaven above.

—O. W. Goodwin,
Special Pension Examiner, Ft. Smith.

In your garden are many roses,
Some of them are white and some are red,
Really, I am very fond of roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead.

Don't wait to show me your affection,
When the earth is piled above my head.
In your garden there are many roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead.

Why wait until my labor's ended?
Don't you think it better, if you said,
"Please accept this little bunch of roses,
You want them now, not when you are dead."

For in your garden there are many roses,
And their blossoms, like your years, are sped;
Really, I am very fond of roses,
But I want them now, not when I'm dead.

I confess I must grieve,
All I hear I can't believe.

The world is dead without happiness;
 The sweetness in life is found in the way you live it.

NO RETURN TICKET.

The car of death he took on earth,
 Defying hell to burn;
 His soul, that knew no second birth,
 Then wished he'd bought a "return."

—J. A. M.

PARISIAN.

My country! may she always be right,
 But my country, right or wrong;
 My family! may it always be right,
 But my family, right or wrong;
 Myself! may I always be right,
 But myself, right or wrong.

—Life.

THE DEGENERATE TRAINMAN.

When fatal wrecks bestrewed the track,
 A hero proved he brave,
 But now, a trainman gone to wrack,
 Himself he will not save.

Time was, a lady's life he saved
 From death's appalling grip,
 But now that wife the wretch enslaved,
 Drinks poison from his lips.

That day he ne'er can quite forget
 He saved a baby boy;
 But now his heart's no longer set
 On kids, though once his joy.

—J. A. M.

Going to K. C., Car 1, Berth 4.

O, to have no Christ, no Savior, no hand,
 to clasp thine own;
 Through the dark, dark vale of shadows,
 thou must pass thy way alone.

And when, at last, I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar;
 'Twixt me and that heavenly rest,
 Then, while leaning on thy breast,
 May I hear thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

—Unknown.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

—Hymn.

THE CANARY.

Little captive in your cage,
Does it never seem an age
To you there from day to day,
From your kindred far away?

You have neither nest or mate—
Yet you blithely sing and wait.
What a pretty price to give
For the privilege to live.

—Unknown.

SHUN EVIL COMPANIONS.

If I were as virtuous as you are,
I'd seek evil companions,
That they might see in me
Sin by the light of
The virtue in me.
With saints all around me
Where sinners should be,
I'd stand like a lighthouse
Concealed from the sea.

—Paul Krueger's Poems.

I have heard of a land
On a far-away strand,
In the Bible the story is told;
Where cares never come,
Even darkness or gloom,
And nothing shall ever grow old.—Old Hymn.

OH, SHUCKS!

The lovers had a quarrel sad
O'er who should be the master;
And so, to patch things up, he had
To use lots of court plaster.

—Unknown.

There are too many blamed men, selling schemes for a plug,
to lay up much gold at this stage of the game.

The elevator to Success has stopped running. Take the stairs.

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

—Unknown.

EARTHLY BLISS.

When the corn is on the cob, wife,
And the butter's on the corn,
With the salt and pepper fresco
Which the outfit should adorn,
Tie your apron around my neck, dear,
And I'll be right on the job.
Gee, I'm glad teeth were invented,
When the corn is on the cob.

—Unknown.

This world is a game of chance,
And if you wed the girl of your choice,
'Tis the same old risk,
And you take a chance.

You may live in peace or live in war,
It matters little who you are;
Your bunch of happiness you may take,
And still you run a chance.

Still man and wife can live together
Without any strife thro' all kinds of weather;
And this is the life so filled with love,
Which is like the seventh heaven above.

And this is the life man and wife should live,
Without any strife, willing to forgive
Each other's faults as they play the game,
And take the chances just the same.

—By M. E. M

JUST FOR TODAY.

Are you living a Christian,
Day after day?
Are you living a Christian
Thro' life's thorny way?
Oh, what a great satisfaction to live
a Christian
Day after day.

Oh, sinner friend, why don't you
live a Christian
And have and feel that sweet smile;
Oh, why not live a Christian,
Just for today.

I want to live a Christian
More each day;
Oh, what a great blessing to know
That you are living a better Christian
Every day.

Oh, sinner friend, you cannot know
What a joy to live a Christian,
If you don't try to live this life
Just for today.

Oh, why not live this life,
Just for today?
And then you will want to live
Another just like this,
Every day.

Oh, sinner friend, I would love to see you
Live this life;
Today is the best day to live a Christian;
Oh, why not live this life,
Just for today.

And then, when we live a Christian,
What a satisfaction it will be to us,
When we cross the way,
"Where cares never come,
Neither darkness nor gloom.
And nothing shall ever grow old."

—By M. E. M.

REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY.

O, let us remember Mother's Day;
O, let us wear a carnation.
Happy are you that wear the red,
Or sorrowful you who the white must wear,
As it silently speaks of a loved one dead;
But be sure that you a carnation wear,
For the living or dead, for mother dear.
Remember what mother has done for you
Before the years have sped;
When you were sick, "Dear, you are feeling better now,"
Were the words she always said,
As she placed a cooling hand upon your aching head.

Do you remember when you were a child in her arms,
What a care you were to her then,
And when to kids of larger size you had grown,
Her care became worry and pain;
She was afraid you would get in the pond,
Or fall from the roof of the shed.
And how we would over the country roam, swimming
And fishing, or over at Johnnie's, playing ball,
But, night coming on, we heard the call of home, sweet home,
And we hastened on,
Knowing full well we kids would be fed on mother's
Good things ere we went to bed.

Sometimes mother kissed us, and all she said, was
"Where have you been all day long?"
Then she said, "Just wash hands and faces until they shine,
And I will give you some butter and bread with some good
Second spread, which is good for boys and girls."
And fresh ginger snaps, perhaps she'd add, 'til we almost
forgot that we'd been bad.
But some of us now are women and men, and in mem'ry are
living those days again,
And we know that all in life we've had has been made ours
through our parents' aid.

Do you remember the words which mother said,
When we stubbed our toes or cried for bread?
She tied up our toes and kissed us and said,
"It won't hurt you now." We believed all she said,
And we felt her dear kiss on our young cheeks so fair,
And saw her sweet smile as she smoothed our hair.
Oh, what a great blessing for one to have a mother's
care and a father's love,
As we journey thro' this world so fair, to the land
above, just over there—
And abundant entrance may we all have as we come to
that country so bright and fair.

No matter how much we do for them now,
We can never repay the debt we owe;
But they see and know all we try to do, and daily
appreciation show
Of our love for them, though they're growing old.
But if we are Christians, it sweetens their joy,
And they forget our shortcomings, glad to know
That whatever else they might not have done,
This one thing they did, led the children home
To the Father's house far beyond the sky.
If we care how we live in this world so fair,
Then when we leave it with all its care,
We'll meet mother and all our loved ones again,
"Where care never comes,
And nothing shall ever grow old."

She is just as sweet, though her hair is gray,
And we love her better day after day.
If as a faithful Christian she passed on before,
Where father awaits on the other shore,
Consolation it brings, though our hearts are sad,
And thro' coming years we must all be glad—
Our dear Lord gave us the parents we had.
I hope you are wearing a carnation red, for if it is
white, then your heart is sad;
But smile thro' your tears and sing as you go,
For the Savior will care for the loved ones over there,
And they'll tell Him you're coming their joys to share,
When earth life is past with all its care.

How mother worked for us night and day,
 And for boys and girls how often did pray,
 That her children as Christians might live every day.
 Have you answered that prayer of so long ago?
 Be she living today or gone on before,
 Stop and think, dear one, I implore,
 And answer that prayer of your mother dear,
 Just for today.

A mother's love and a mother's prayer,
 The sweetest thing the world has known
 Except Jesus' love and His sacrifice,
 Which has given to us our Paradise,
 Where our sainted loved ones gone before,
 Are safe with Him forevermore.
 So let us remember Mother's Day and wear a carnation;
 If she is living, one of red, but of purest white
 if she is dead.

—by M. E. M.

PRETTY SOON.

I'm tired of waiting for Pretty Soon,
 Will it come on the wings of Tomorrow's bright noon,
 Will it bring with it you?
 Will it really come true, shall I have you and hold you, My
 Own,
 Pretty soon?

—Unknown.

SUCH A PRUDE.

She is stopping at the Mountain House,
 But great seclusion seeks,
 She always dresses in the dark,
 Because the mountain peeks.

—Life.

I like to sleep in a Pullman car,
 You can always sleep and be at ease;
 And when it is time to arise,
 You will always feel well pleased.
 And when the wind's blast does blow,
 In a Pullman car you are safe from outside freeze,
 And when on the train you take a ride,
 Be sure to always take a Pullman car for ease.

—M. E. M.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

You ought to see the girl I love,
She has brown eyes and brown hair,
So she has.

Say, I would wade on my knees,
Thro' a drove of bumblebees,
For the girl I love so fair—
Yes, I would.

She has brown eyes and brown hair,
Yes, she has—
The girl I love so fair.

She lives in the Ozark Valley,
But I don't care,
For I love my girl with the brown eyes and brown hair,
So fair—
Yes, I do.

I would wade on my knees,
Thro' a drove of bumblebees,
For the girl I love so fair—
Yes, I would.

The sweetest flower of the valley,
Laden with sweet ozone breezes,
Don't compare
With the girl I love so fair,
With brown eyes and brown hair,
She's the flower of the valley,
Yes, she is;
I would wade on my knees,
Thro' a drove of bumblebees,
For the girl I love so fair—
Yes, I would.

—By M. E. M.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway, war,
Is there no place on earth where men folks cease to snore?
If such there be, pray let me know,
And to that place I'll quickly go;
I'll pack my trunk this very night:
I'll go alone, without a light;
I'll crawl clear there upon all fours,
Before I'll sleep with a man that snores.—A. R.

A jolly bird is the pelican; his bill can hold more than his
belican. He can take in his beak enough food for a week, but
we don't understand how in helican. —Walt Mason.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
 Keep a-goin';
 If it hails or if it snows,
 Keep a-goin';
 'Taint no use to sit and whine,
 When the fish ain't on the line,
 Bait your hook and keep a tryin';
 Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crop,
 Keep a-goin';
 When you tumble from the top,
 Keep a-goin';
 S'ppose you're out o' every dime,
 Gittin' broke ain't any crime,
 Tell the world you're doin' fine;
 Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
 Keep a-goin';
 Drain the sweetness from the cup,
 Keep a-goin';
 See the wild bird on the wing,
 Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
 When you feel like singin', sing,
 Keep a-goin'.

—Frank L. Stanton.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is a car in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleerer under the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

—Unknown.

A Turkish bath is just the thing
 As a bracer it's a wonder;
 Makes your nerves go ting-a-ling,
 And your worries go to thunder.

—Unknown.

TWENTIETH CENTURY TRANSLATION OF THE
TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

1. My wife is my boss; I shall not deny.
2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up Main St.
3. She restoreth my pocket book after she spent all its contents on hobble skirts and theatre tickets, and she leadeth me up the main aisle at church for her new hat's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her broom stick and hat pin they do everything else but comfort me.
5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee line for an Aid Society supper; she anointeth my head with a rolling pin occasionally; my arms with bundles runneth over before she is half done shopping.
6. Surely her dressmaker and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.—Ex.

KEEP MOVING.

There's only one method of meeting life's test—
Just keep on a stirring and hope for the best;
Don't give up the ship and retire in dismay,
'Cause hammers are thrown, where you'd like a bouquet.

The world would be tiresome; we'd all have the blues
If all the folks in it held just the same views.
So finish your work, show the best of your skill;
Some people won't like you, but other folks will.

If you're leading an army or building a fence,
Do the best that you can with your own common sense.
One small word of praise in this journey of tears
Outweighs in the balance 'gainst carloads of cheers.

The plants that are posing as commonplace weeds,
Oft prove to be just what a sufferer needs.
So keep right on moving, don't stay standing still,
Some people won't like us, but other folks will.

—Unknown.

HOME WORK.

“Has your wife given up lecturing since you married her?”
“Only in public.”

POETRY.

There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
 He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg;
 There was another old soldier who was cunning as a fox,
 Who always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.
 Said the first old soldier, "Will you give me a chew?"
 Said the second old soldier, "I'll be damned if I do;
 If you stop drinking booze and save up your rocks,
 You'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box."

—Unknown.

A MAXIM REVISED.

Ladies, to this advice give heed—
 In controlling men,
 If at first you don't succeed, why
 Just cry, cry again.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Gol dern that man," said Deacon Brown,
 "I think he's the peskiest cuss in town.
 I didn't think that he stood much show
 When we traded horses a week ago.
 I knew that my horse was a little blind,
 But a woman could drive him, he was that kind;
 His hoss had the heaves, the measly skate,
 And I never knew it until too late;
 A feller's chance is mighty slim,
 A doin' business with whelps like him.

"When a man skins me," said Deacon Brown,
 With a snap of his jaw and a vicious frown,
 "He's skinnin' a feller what don't forget,
 And I'll get my revenge some day, you bet;
 If I was sinful, I wouldn't care, but I am a deacon
 and I can't swear.

Say, I'd give another hoss, gee whizz,
 To call him jest what I think he is.

—William F. Kirk.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Live this life so when we come to the River of Time
 we can look across to the land on the other shore,

"Where cares never come,
 Even darkness or gloom,
 And nothing shall ever grow old."

—M. E. M.

I sold to you a book once yet,
And through dot, I'm so glad we met.
On dis one thing my heart's been set,
Dot we again togedder get,
For I've anodder book already yet,
For dot friend of yours some day to get.
De price is fifty cents already yet.



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